FLORENTIN SMARANDACHE

~~DEFECTIVE WRITING~~

[short paradoxist prose]

MathTiger
Chennai, India
2006

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ABOUT FLORENTIN SMARANDACHE AGAIN...

We have written about him on other occasions too: when the Paradoxist Manifesto or the recollections of the prodigious writer in the volume Fled were published. The founder of the International Paradoxist Movement is full of surprises, of course. We realize that as soon as we discover the mathematician prose writer, poet, playwright, essayist etc. (because however being of a relatively young writing age, he has tackled all literary genres and non-genres defining (see for instance "Abracadabra", Salinas, California, USA, 2nd year, II, June 1994, and "Bulletin of Pure and Applied Sciences", Bombay, India, 1995) *Smarandache Paradoxes Class*, as follows:

Be "@" and "non-@" its negation, Then:

1st Paradox:

ALL IS "@", -non and "NON-@" TOO.

Examples:

E11: All is possible, the impossible too.

E12: All are present, the absent ones too.

E13: All is finite, the infinite too.

2nd PARADOX:

ALL IS "NON@", "@" TOO.

Examples:

E21: All is impossible, the possible too.

E22: All are absent, the present ones too.

E23: All is infinite, the finite too.

3rd PARADOX:

NOTHING IS "@", "@" TOO.

Examples:

E31: Nothing is perfect, the perfect too.

E32: Nothing is absolute, the absolute too.

E33: Nothing is finite, the finite too.

Notice that the three classes of paradoxes are equivalent.

More roughly:

PARADOX:

ALL (verb) "@", "NON-"@" TOO.

Of course, in replacing (verb) and the attribute "@" some strange, but very beautiful too, paradoxes result. There is, for instance, the following pun, which reminds one of Einstein:

All is relative, even the theory of relativity!

Or:

a) The shortest way between two points is the wrong way!

b) The inexplicable is, however, explicable through this word: "Inexplicable"!

More general and more briefly, in the English language:

All is the non-a too; where 'a' is any attribute. And, finally: *All is possible, the impossible too!*

But we have to agree that in conceiving this system of paradoxes, Florentin Smarandache has shifted our century-old Balkanism to the south-west of the USA, maybe without realizing that: all is possible, impossible too; all is impossible, possible too; all is negotiable, all is deal; all is contestable, nothing is incontestable; all is compatible, nothing is incompatible. Here, in Romania - especially now, you can steal (aggravated theft), you can kill (as a medicine woman in Ploiesti has killed and cut into pieces, her lover's wife, and even she recognized that) and you can "discuss" with ....the court; you can steal with the "mutual aid games", the famous Stoica (to steal thousands of billions, of milliards) and the "discussions"... remain possible ...if you are or you're not guilty. (I have a friend whose wife gave birth to a child...black; and there was an advocate who said "we should see more", certain "proofs", "examinations", "researches" are needed, who knows, a black man might have been among her forefathers, or maybe an explorer to Africa etc.). In these circumstances can we condemn for "genocide" (what word would this be?) that Ceausist potentate to 25 years of prison and, with "we should discuss more", "we should see more", "this way and that" etc., let's release him. Only that, the shot one, we can't "rehabilitate", because we again have that word: " The dead don't come back from the grave!".

I think that Florentin Smarandache doesn't realize very well how like are his paradoxes to those related in his Defect Writings, a *mixtum compositum* (as people say in Latin), *une macedoine* (as people say in French, but very closely to our Balkan Macedonia), a *hodgepodge* (as people say in Romanian, very Balkan are these words too).

Let's make clear this question: Why *does* Smarandache write literature? Well, simply *because he despises literature*, as a self-respecting neo-vanguard. From the very first sequence in the volume, *Introduction in the Kingdom of Error*, he introduces himself as "a possessed, an obsessed of the anti-literature as ... literature". So, mind it, even the anti-literature as ... literature is rejected by our nervous Paradoxist, having arrived, as it can be seen, in the biggest APORY which can be imagined, an absolutely Balkan one, carried in far Arizona, a permanent burden, an unrepeatable- repeatable national burden planted in a paradoxical and *paradoxist* individual, at least apparently. As such, Florentin Smarandache, the secluded one among the American runners, in the sense of the struggle *for life*, for money, for *well-being* (what would be this well-being for?), Florentin Smarandache, the chief of the Paradoxist Movement, thought for a moment very "in fashion", appeared to us as being very out of fashion, out of abuse, ..., Balkan, furious, because all around him are not interested in poetry, that they want only "money; and think of money and women". As if we, the crowd of Romanians from here and from now, would be better, as if he, Smarandache himself, would be better! (As he had decreed that he did literature, poetry, only because... he despised with great bravery, literature, as he himself says).

That's a decided thing; the man Smarandache is a ball of contradictions. That is what motivated him to send to us. from Arizona. these *Defective writings*, an experiment in self-explaining, of confession en queu de poisson: in fact he loves until losing himself, literature, a literature it seems to him to have betrayed him, as if he'd fallen madly in love with a woman, who, it seems (or it could be even true) to him, betrayed him. It is here, it seems to me, a possibility to catch sight of the paradoxical *love-hate* relationship: ALL LOVE IS HATE AT THE SAME TIME, IN EXTREMIS! Or, in Smarandacheian terms: all is hate, love too: and reciprocally: all is love, hate too.

Even if we like it or not, Florentin Smarandache's literature draws our attention (it has to do that), among so many more or less traditionalist, postmodernist, neo-traditionalist etc. books. For him, a product of a contradictory world, the nonsense has a sense, the "fallacy" seems natural to him, he baths even in its waters, not only once the "phantasmagoria seems "touchable" to him. As well as the first avant-guard (Paradoxism's founder, as I said before, is a neo-avant-guard), as

Eugen Ionescu, for instance, subscribes himself against the academic literature. In fact, he is the Oltenian, disgusted with all, disgusted with the Ceausist communism which didn't allowed him to go to a congress of mathematicians, in the long desired, at that time, Occident- reason for what he has run in America, thinking that he could remove the Romanian dust from his sandals of a vagabond; disgusted with the neo or crypto-communism, disgusted, finally, even with his opportunist friends, even with the family that doesn't understand him. Here is one of the faces of a hero of our time! Ever since he lived in the country- obsessed with the article "non"- he invented the term *non-existentialism* (because he wanted to!) defining the notion as follows: "the way of not being of the inhabitants in the Kingdom of Error, of not existing, of not living - even they live apparently". From here the systematic mockery (which became almost a tic at the turncoat) of Ceausescu's country, called in a parabolic and pseudo-utopic style, *Pallilula* (the campaign will be resumed intensively in the drama from *Metahistory*), which made of Smarandache a ... "loser". "I AM A LOSER; I AM A DUD", exclaims with sorrow the involved one. It could be possible, being a loser Oltenian, reasoning in a paradoxist-Balkan style, as we know him, that not even America satisfies him, and he came to the same conclusion even there. Because, where's the Kingdom of Heaven?- if we would ask ourselves the capital question, in the well known biblical style- the answer couldn't be other than a fatal one, the Dostoeyevski "In ourselves!". "I have died after that once again - ceaselessly kills me (Arabian and very Oltenian, and at the same time, a syntactic turn) - Destiny. Defeated in all plans, demolished from every place. They got me out of life, of space, of time...ONLY EXILE WAS LEFT TO ME " (The free world. I, no. 20, Feb. 18, 1989, New York). What "Exile"? Where? Obviously an interior exile.

As in such a sketch of Caragiale or Cehov, as in *The dog and the doggie*, Alexandrescu's fable, the persecuted one, the little one, the not taken into account one, the left at the mercy of the bureaucracy from all ministers and from all inspectorates one (that's what made him, out of despair, to run). Smarandache becomes a ... Samurache shortened by the all-powerful Ceausist Samsons. Have they disappeared now? Crossing the Atlantic became Samurache, among Americans, Smarandache? It's questionable! We are afraid that he came to a kind of "The back of beyond" there too. Otherwise *Smarandache Paradoxes System* wouldn't have worked so rigorously. Because, atop of the paradox, the world in the system is more true than the real one! Once again: the truth begins where the Paradox appears. That's why we won't wonder at finding Smarandache on an eternal ...queue: ...queue for entry to art, queue for meat, queue for bread.

Paradoxically now, in Romania there's no queue for bread and for meat. The bread and the meat are as in America! - and all other broad consumer goods and especially those narrow consumer goods, among which art too - became so expensive that we don't even dare to stand in a queue. We stay at home; perfectly conscious of where we stand (and we are, in fact) in an infinite queue, without any hope. And all these because "The two Chiefs of State, Comrade Nicolae Ceausescu, the master of Modern Romania, First Secretary of the Central Committee, Prominent Personality of the Planet, General Secretary of the Communist Party, The Fearless Leader of the District Prahova, President of the Cooperative Farm of Poplaca, High Man of State in Europe, Communist of genius, Miner of the Country, the Second Skier in Europe who enjoys a Vast Reputation and Gratitude in our Galaxy, Cultural attaché in Madrid, Vice-Prime Minister to the International Tourism Minister, Ambassador to the Paris Commune, Front Shoemaker in the Guild, and His Majesty, Mobutu Se Se Se Cu Cucu Bengu Vaza Banga, the dictator of Zaire shook hands brotherly and embraced cordially".

I gave this rather long quotation to see clearly the generous paths opened - in the field of grotesque caricature of the oral automatism and the parody of the dead language in the

totalitarian's epoch- by Florentin Smarandache forcing the doors of the style with the saw (not with some sophisticated keys), the paradoxism, invented by himself with generosity but with saintly fury too. *Because, si vis me flero, dolendum ipse tibi!* Otherwise it isn't possible. Literature (of any kind, be it even ... *anti-literature* or *aliterature* or *non-literature)* has to gush from life, from the revolted, furious spirit, gratuitously, of course. As in a curse! If we want, exactly as in the following verse (a little childish, but true):

When my mother gave me birth
(December, 10, 1954) with shyness
My little bottle
Tied a bottle to my neck
My little bottle...
Of ink

That is Florentin Smarandache's curse: to write, to write all his life; even if he would remain a Samurache in the (American or Romanian) real reality, he is going to be a Samson in spirit!

And then we could have a talk again.

And in order to not be forgotten that I said these great words,

I sign,

ION ROTARU
March 8,1995

INTRODUCTION TO THE KINGDOM OF ERROR

Who is on my side follow me page by page even if he finds no pleasure in that.

In this book I put together the contradictions of a heretical spirit living in a malicious world, a non-world, because only here the languages get into a tangle, the Tower of Babel, the non-sense has a sense, the fallacy is natural, the phantasmagoria is obvious, the imposed homogeneity becomes heterogeneous.

To a society, which does not recognize me, which refuses me, I answer in the same way.

All the anomalies of the <defective writings> [reduced as printing space (even of a page), some out of time] are the consequence of the Evil, deeply rooted all over the place, and if, for instance, there are a few normal writings too, seen in the light of the non-society they appear distorted (through contemporary glasses), awry.

I do literature just because I despise literature, because this is the appendage of an elite: some careerists pretending to be against career.

I am a possessed, an obsessed of the anti-literature as ... literature! Games and catastrophe theory, cybernetic programming, literary experimentation in the ... laboratory ("Story at infinity" is a model of an elementary cyclic writing which never ends, "The goat with a little riding hood and other stories" is an aleatory combination of different literary texts (without collages), etc.)

In order to seize (?) the ineffable a multi-stylistic style was tested (automatism, allegories, paraphrases, etc., baroque, formalistic, realistic, surrealistic, impressionistic, expressionistic, (non)-existentialistic and other "...istic" methods), literary genres and species interference (poetry, short play, short story, tales, lyrical prose, recollections from childhood), organically structured after the (META)PHYSICAL SUFFERING CRITERIA (of the author).

A FEW FEATURES OF NON-EXISTENTIALISM

Through non-existentialism it is to be understood the way of not being of the inhabitants in the Empire of the Evil, of not existing even they exist, of not living even they apparently live...

I feel this non-existentialism, through my manner of life, like a discontinued function with many points of question. For instance, I am not existing now, but only a body of mine, which moreover I feel as being strange to me. I try to separate myself from him and be able to look at him; it's a mass of flesh, a package. My non-existence in the Evil Kingdom is delayed, and the thought that it is delayed exists. Last night it wasn't me who slept in my bed, I was looking at that sleepwalker being stuck to the bed, motionless. Yes, I haven't existed for a long time, and my friends know that, and my parents too. They gossip about it. They whisper. I know that I'm their subject of slander, but I pretend to know nothing. And I lock myself up further in my room by the street; morning and afternoon and evening and night, in pyjamas. I read in order to escape from Palillula. And I feel better. I relieve myself. I leave this tired body to rest in hell and I give free scope to my imagination beyond the Evil, beyond Palillula. All things make me feel good. I float in nothingness above the brutal reality. Thus I can say that I exist, although I feel "sick", like Sartre, of my need of evasion. I've turned into an island this country room, the waves of the cold times beat from outside.

My non-existence is due to their existence. They make me not exist, to exist beyond time. I try to exist trough other people who will understand me. I was not myself, neither in the past nor, in particular, now. They fill too much, all the place, with their artificial, defective existence, until this soap bubble will blow out and break. This empty society in Evil's kingdom has to crack in a final and flow outside like a yellow disgusting pus, all the mess in Palilula, some upside-down oceans that form mountains. The entire stink around here, will breath again at last. They don't leave anything to us. Everything belongs to them, the seconds, the tenths of a second, the hundredths... Our soul is dripping slowly into sandglasses. We are burning at a low fire through their "good offices".

"Get out through the yard a little, my father shouts to me, you are all the time poring over books, you're going to be paralysed to hell, and then nobody will be able to help you! Go around the centre and drink a beer with the professors to refresh yourself a little. Aren't you sick of staying all day in the house?"

Now I feel worse. I'm partly unemployed for another day, but tomorrow I'll be fully unemployed.

Noisy youths and girls get out fondling each other in the evening at the cinema, the girls, gosling and laughing - the time seems to march beside me, I am outside retired. "This Florin has not changed himself at all since I knew him, I can hear some voices; he is the same as he was in high school. "But how could transformations and reactions take place in me if I don't live, if time turned me into stone, and I stand watching through the window to the past and I'm always on the watch, like a fox, with fear, to see my time coming and to get it into my clutches, I want my time, that's all, I don't mind the time of others

In a
noisy silence
in a storm of conscience
beside a dead castaway person
which is me when I hadn't existed
because what is harder than to not exist

in the time of your existence?
The castaway has his eyes picked by birds
of prey, the castaway has his ears inside
out, in himself, and he can hear only his heart
which is silent, the castaway has no skin, to talk through his soul.
But there are dead persons who exist and living persons who non-exist:
dead persons who live and living persons who are dead.

I can't remember how my burial was or where. But I could understand it from people's behaviour towards me. Some of them did not salute me anymore, others began to laugh at my beard, my friends avoided me, I was refused everywhere. My mother was sad. I think that she was even crying, my father grumbling maybe because at that time he didn't drink anymore. Where did they bury me? - In peoples' non-consciousness. They threw me out of life, they threw me out of space, of time, which weren't enough for them anymore.

I AM A LOSER I AM A DUD
I may not publish. Mr. Alfred B. Wilcox.
I may not participate in the International
Congresses - do you understand me?
I may not take a masters degree (so far, they
Have not accept me, three times), moreover
I am unemployed! - Do you, Mr. Wilcox, understand me?
I beseech you, help me to emigrate to the USA…
Maintenant je suis à la recherche du temps perdu par Monsieur Proust, car le mien a été perdu par d'autres, grâce à leur abnégation et devouement au travail ont ils intentionnellement perdu mon temps vecu, et par l'amour du pays natal.
At 32 years of age I feel like I am 332. I'm trying to forget myself, to get out of me. I am alien in my archetypal Palilula, I want to come back to me, to find myself, to escape from alienation by going abroad - not "the flight" because I can't fly, I feel pain in bones, my mind smarts because of poisoning by their non-ideas and non-values. What be my sense in Evil's Kingdom than being an obedient labour horse or a guinea pig good for ideological tests?

I don't want anything, I told them, and I'm ready even to pay to them, only to let me leave. But I don't understand a thing! Are they master of my life? May they do anything they want to me and with me? All right, they don't need my convictions (and I don't need their convictions either!); then why they keep me captive in Palilula, a hostage, guilty of being born here? Want they to stuff me with flat "progressionist" theories (firstly they should demonstrate them in practice and only after that can we have a talk).

I have worked in Africa, I have brought returns to the country, and now should they get a laugh on me? They have exploited my work and now kick me aside? They have no further use of my services. I went to the so-called "audiences" somewhere high, in the Capital, and they drove me away like a dog. How I dared to disturb a sleeping civil servant, with some minor problems, like going to an International Congress of Mathematics? Policemen were patrolling in the halls in order to intimidate these poor people, already intimidated.

In front of me a woman (in fact two) discontented with a place of abode: "Because are so going the things in Palilula, we have a house under ground!" (She pointed nervously with a finger downward,)

I went in at my turn. "But I didn't call you"! I get out.

I went in again. "This is not possible, comrade, what's that? Going to America to all those runners..."

In my mind all those runners form the strongest State in the world. Then I ask “Why?” “You don’t represent mathematics in Palilula”. “The question is not that. I’m representing myself. My work has been accepted by an international jury”. “It doesn’t matter. You may get out” “Thanks”, I say, and keep up in my mind of such a democracy! What a thing, be compelled to ask for approval from all the ignorant! From some individuals who have no relation to mathematics! I forgot to ask him how many elementary forms he had and owing to which relative he occupied that plush chair.

We don’t need approval to go to the privy. They should think of that...

I am called to the Police. “How do you do, did you get the approvals necessary for the Congress”. I answer, ”No”. “We can’t give you the passport without these approvals”. I answer: “This is not a surprise”. “You put the State of Pampolinn in a negative light.” I answer: “Not me, those who don’t let me go”. “You’d better write to the Americans that you are sick, and that’s why you can’t take part”. I answer: “I will write to them that I’m sick, because I go on hunger strike. (And I wrote to the Chairman, Andrew M. Gleason, who telegrammed me.)

Afterwards I died once again. All the time destiny kills me. Defeated on all planes, demolished from all places. I began to cry on the paper. God, I haven’t done anything wrong to them, I have nothing to do with them, but what do they want with me? Why so many invisible barriers in the way of a young man? What is the use of that for Palilula?

Doctorates no. Published no. Congresses no. Trips no. But what the hell is allowed in this country? Because mass-media is boasting of our liberties that you are about to go mad...

Last year didn’t they, in the same way, reject my participation in France on the translation of a volume of my poems, together with the tragic Chantal Signoret? Of course they did, for the love of culture in Palillula and for the younger generation.

On top of it all, now they didn’t give me any job, for love of science and for its affirmation.

I wonder what else could they do to me, what should I expect from them, I think them capable of anything, they are going to demonstrate that I am a non-sense, a piece of shit, and will force me to say thanks, thanks, to kiss the hand that strikes me, or maybe something worse. They play the fool with me like an idiot of Dostoeyevski.

I demonstrated to them the anomaly of their system: a teacher from a village invited to the Congress and others from the city, from university, no, and they felt wounded and told me not even to beg for a job in education because others are the “criteria” which are taken into account, it doesn’t matter what you have in your head, they pretended.

And the more I was publishing abroad the more I was retrograded in Palillula, I felt in disgrace.

I continued to be a beggar, further on. (“Well, if you learned...“, the colleagues laughed at me.) My fault was that I had received the invitation.

They made me a loser. Through their good offices I am a lost intellectual.

AFTERWARDS I DIED ONCE AGAIN.

DESTINY ALWAYS KILLS ME

DEFEATED ON ALL PLANES. DEMOLISHED FROM EVERY PLACE. THEY GOT ME OUT OF LIFE, SPACE, TIME...

ONLY EXILE WAS LEFT TO ME...

(“Lumea Liberã” [The Free World], 1st year, no. 20, Saturday, February 18, 1989, pp. 22-23, New York, USA)

A COMMON NEWS ITEM

Once upon a time there was and still there is, far away, a miserable village blooming among hills, called FRONT-COTOFENI.

Once more upon a time there was a country teacher named also Samurache.

And the days were slipping away, one by one the same, and the teacher of exact sciences was dragging out his life like an old dusty coat, threadbare at elbows and dirty at back. His eyes were worn out of so many treatises; hundreds of formulae could be taken from his head. But the man walked slowly, bored and indifferent to everything - while his faculty colleagues, who had failed to get remove them, addressed him with salutations from their high positions.

He had graduated as a chief of his series but he knew that this success asked of him much sacrifice, by which he had to devote himself to lowly work and let his colleagues execute some easier and more important tasks, which they were capable of.

All's well so far, but over his miserable and quiet life comes the ghost of Evil - reorganization's storm. He was thinking; lucky of me, they can't remove me, with doctorates, books and articles published, some of them abroad...

The Working People's Council, formed by a Director alone, debates Smarandache's case:

-Get him out, yelled one, he's inadequate. Did anyone ever see a professor with doctorates and books published abroad teaching in the country while his colleagues- failing to get them removed- are in towns?

- He's incompetent, because he can't descend from his science to the level of others, howled another one, while Stoiculescu, Strâmbulescu have already descended ... from the tree...

- Of course, shouted a woman, besides, he is dark-haired, a "dreamer".

- Kick him out, into the snowfall, resumed a little one now riding the high horse, he wears the number 42 at his foot.

All burst out: What insolence!

And so do and bla-bla-bla my Smarandache found himself on the roads: now the road towards the inspectorate, now towards the ministry.

- Well, little comrades, dared the unemployed man to defend himself, but I've studied, I've learned, I have doctorates and books published abroad.

- But is it our fault that you've studied, you've learned? The fault is yours, and we're asking you, don't ask us.

We are busy head over heels yeah yeah yeah

Samurache left his file and hopes at the door.

He got down the stairs and onto the tram, which led him to the hellish crash, smashed somehow like the passing of his life.

One morning he read in a newspaper

NEWS IN BRIEF

Through the boundless care and particular consideration that
the Ministry grants to its emplyee, a position was created and distributed to the remarkable teacher Samurache: in THE-BACK-OF-BEYOND city.
10.06.1984 Morocco, and 20.05.1985 Craiova.

CULTURAL NEWS[1]
(short prose poem)

I queue up at the entry of art.
queue for meat, queue for bread
(Hurraaah Hurrah
How fine is our life!)
And I watch how someone builds
their tomb
in eternity.

We beseech you to sit
down
each as far as possible
in literature, we are announced by the hoarse
interphone.

-No, thanks.
I prefer standing up, I find myself
answering unquestioned.

-But do come, please, come.
the poetry
is waiting for you - says the interphone, then to me:
-Enough, there is no place left, get out.

(“Lumea Liberã” [The Free World], 1st Year, No. 19, Saturday, February 11, 1989, p. 26, New York, USA)

[1] Self-plagiarism: the short prose writer Florentin Smarandache plagiarized the poet Florentin Smarandache (p.n.)

ABOUT HOW NOT TO ASCEND TO HIGH NON-SOCIETY

Nish Nish wanted to enter at any price the High Society of Palillula, among orators, doers of counterfeit-arranged words, leaders without studies and other old illiterates with virtues on paper.

Nish Nish had never before been in the capital of Palilula and he didn't think to go there now either.

He was reminded of his friend Tordip, who had tried a few moments before to get a map of the dirty district in Pampolinn's higher world but failed because of him.

Nish Nish couldn't solve this dilemma, and his second wife had laid herself in front of him to hinder him, and he didn't succeed very well because it was too warm and he had lost his vigor, but, by no means, Nish Nish didn't give up, moreover he worried his brains, pretty small, not used to such intellectual effort.

Tordip beat him a little on the bottom, Nish Nisha too, his child too, relieved nature on his pants for fear - until his elder sister came to help him. Nish Nish held on: it will be harmful if I don't get into High society.

Finally he decided shortly: he had to lengthen the story and to blackmail the carpenter from the furniture factory of the Electronic plant in their village, to became an escapist. "It isn't possible any longer to go on in such a way", thought Nish Nish, and put a hand on his belly about 5 cm from the navel, on the right side, where one had struck him with the head of a club. "That's quite better" Nish Nish reflected again, imagining himself somewhere beside Pampolinn!... I am as much an idiot as him, why should he take the lead over me? "You're right" Nish Nisha said to himself of Tordip "we shouldn't let him dethrone the king. In our society the most clever is the last in the social hierarchy, and the most silly is put at the head". "Of course, it's better so" imagined the carpenter who had found out about the attempt to embezzle Nish Nish's ideas, by a gang of friends and relatives hostile to society's backward progress.

Certainly that Palilula was in full sail downwards in order to explore the days of yore and subsoil's ugliness, and much exalted were the inhabitants, finding that as they advanced in degradation the mould covered them with some delicate flowers which they bestowed as a gift to their mammy, Pampolinna the gentle, as a furious shark with eyes of glass, pearl of poisonous honest snake, skilful in the art of leather dressing people's skins.

And just while they were flying through Evil's Kingdom, a special part of it being the fat and tasty Palilula of Patzagonia, so just while the thoughts of the two wise men were in the clouds, they knocked each other and fell to the ground.

The board commander ordered suddenly EXIT, and the passengers on the seats jumped with the parachute and died in all directions. Only one chance was left to Nish Nish: to shit for himself. So said so undone.

"The devil take me, if High Society finds out that I want to go deep into it, they are going to retire me or to give me up into Police hands.

I'd better pretend to know nothing, that I didn't want it, that my mind pulled me after it, like the lizards, which drag their tails after their bellies, and then they will... No ,, Ye...N...".

To cut it short, the High Society would stop a little.

Nish Nish only thought that she lead by the bridle, man's horse, and at once she snatched it and smashed its head against all Pampollinian decrees and laws.

Once while they queued for buying some forcemeat rolls of vine leaves filled with imported foreign theories, uncle Kafka had told Nish Nish that at High Society's gate there are

guardians armed to the teeth with some sharp and merciless ideas, machine gun theories, political cartridges and caps. Moreover he put himself, Gregor, to be witness at his trial at the castle.

Next day, as soon as his conscience awoke in him, the electronic carpenter went to clap eyes on his cousin in a far village, in the neighbourhood, he clapped eyes on then clasped hands as a sign of comradely salute with he whose first name he took in secret out of some fair reasonless reasons, just because it was a state secret standing or at the edge of the bridge by the precipice.

Tordip walked here and there, and the master too to all the blockheads, that he can understand at least a grain from so many grains of maize that he had sown without noticing the germination of a single healthy opinion, sprung by hook or by crook out of a place that nobody expected.

Nish Nish's family's children cultivated the ideas of their illustrious father and grandfather in their blooming country, proud of its boundless beauty, and afterwards they gathered the fruits of their work: disillusions. One more year has passed, two more years have passed but nothing has happened.

The crop was destroyed by hard time's grasshoppers which rushed upon it clouds of black oil, mud from the sky.

The woman sewed in great haste her husband's old concepts; the young people from around took pity on them and covered them with the downy blanket of humility.

And then the brave Nish said: "I can't bear anymore. I can't bear anymore" and it's true that not even Saint Peter Popescu God could bear. And then the brave Nish Nish took his heart and died (it was a natural thing, because he couldn't live without his heart, could he? - only the Pampolin is a heartless man).

His older son little Nish Nish who was the very image of his father, had decided to follow the agrarian policy of his deceased father as a result of some high motives. He resolved to enter by stealth, High Society, slipping by the guardians.

The electronic carpenter's son interceded too and promised with hand on iron to help him in his attendance of professional affirmation.

The old Tordip who had to live three bad hours more (it had been announced at the power station of the Fresh Canned Air company) bought a Swiss watch and succeeded in prolonging a little of his life.

Little Nish Nish offered himself to stick to him life, with some glue – so that nobody could notice anything - and Tordip who had no children thanks to him (but he possessed a pair of shoes of a tree bark which grew on a mountain, just on the top, and which whistled when the wind blew and dropped the leaves when the winter came, and if you split it in two at the roots it grew dry and died, and if you didn't split it you couldn't know exactly where the hitch was that one bad-luck day could make it fall down).

It rained awfully and flashed and little Nish Nish was thunderstruck by a crucial plan that could take him to the cemetery - a taking into account on the part of him and a not taking into account on the part of them.

"What should I not take? What should I take?..."

God thunderstruck him from the clouds because he was placed under a tree in a magnetic field, the long waiting plan: the staircase. Yes, to build a staircase like Icarus, and to climb it to High Society, easy to say, but easier to recommend. The problem was insoluble not from a scientific view but from an artistic view.

"Moon, give me a silk stair" cried dan spataru. "Be serious, man, answered little Nish Nish, do you want it to break with you?"

Thought they of it then thought better of it and finally they started to finish.

“How do you do, uncle, stay and meditate?
- No, son, I’m just staying.”
“We hire a master”- mumbled the electronic carpenter junior - and he did not hesitate a moment but squat.

Then they engaged through magazine advertisement an alain robbe-grillet blacksmith and a butor michel blacksmith who pledged in front of the whole collective to finish in due time and in good condition, the plant, to the highest parameters, according to the new international economic order in matter of spirit. And the brothers began to work, and pitchintoit, with the most modern and new things in our animal world. After seven months they reported that finished in the first place the crop capacity, that the opinions are sheltered in proper barns, that the spiritual food of the cows and especially of the apathetic oxen is in abundance. And at that time delivered them the Staircase Project as a “nouveau novel”. Here it is:

Once upon a time there was a staircase
which had many steps
It was of forged iron grate and
nickelled in all respects
and even non-respects. The staircase
was formed on the upper side, the middle side and
the down side.
The upper side was formed
on the upper side of the upper side, the middle side of the
upper side and the down side of the upper side.
The middle side was formed on the upper side of the middle side,
the middle side of the middle side and the down side
of the middle side.
The down side was formed
on the upper side of the down
side, the middle side of the down
side,
and the down side
of the down side.
Now, the upper side of the up per
side was formed on the upper side
on the upper side of the upper side , the middle side of the upper side
of the upper side , and the down side
of the upper side of the upper side.
The middle side of the
upper side was formed
on the upper side of the middle side of the upper side,
the middle side of the middle side of the upper side
and the down side of the middle side of the upper side.
The down side of the upper side
was formed on the upper side
of the down side of the upper side,
the middle side of the down side of the upper side and
the down side of the upper side.
.....

Although the Staircase was finite, the technology of fabrication had proved infinite, and - like Achilles who couldn’t catch up to the tortoise - it would never have built a staircase to ascend to High (Non)Society... and even built you couldn’t support it because Pampolinn had taken care that any support from outside be cut, removing in this way the slightest attempts of Ascension.

Deprived, in Palillula, of light and warmth, the Nish Nish Family faded away and died.

NEWS ...

Comrade Niculae Ceausescu, the Master of Modern Romania, First Secretary of the Central Committee, Prominent Personality of the planet, General Secretary of the Communist Party, Fearless Leader of Prahova District, President of the Cooperative Farm Poplaca, High Man of State, the First Miner in the Country, the Second Skier in Europe, Spaceman of Genius who Benefits of a Vast Reputation and Reconnaissance in our Galaxy, Cultural Attaché in Madrid, Vice-Prime Minister in the International Ministry of Tourism, Ambassador in the Paris Commune, Front Shoemaker in Guild, had an official meeting with His Majesty, Mobutu Se Se Se Cu Cucu, Bengu Vaza Banga, the Dictator of Zaire.

The conversations between Comrade Nicolae Ceausescu, the Master of Modern Romania, First Secretary of the Central Committee, Prominent Personality of the planet, General Secretary of the Communist Party, Fearless Leader of Prahova district, President of the Cooperative Farm Poplaca, High Man of State, the first Miner of the Country, the Second Skier in Europe, Spaceman of Genius who Benefits of a Vast Reputation and Reconnaissance in our Galaxy, Cultural Attaché in Madrid, Vice-Prim minister in the International Minister of Tourism, Ambassador in the Paris Commune, Front shoemaker in Guild, and His majesty, Mobutu Se Se Se Cu Cucu Bengu Vaza Banga, the dictator of Zaire, took place in a cordial, friendly atmosphere, with the purpose of an ever tighten enlarging, in the future, of the relations between the two countries and peoples, of the multilateral cooperation on all planes. At the end of the conversations, the Comrade Nicolae Ceausescu, the Master of Modern Romania, First secretary of the Central Committee, Prominent Personality of the planet, General Secretary of the Communist Party, Fearless Leader of Prahova district, President of the Cooperative Farm Poplaca, High Man of State, the first Miner of the Country, the Second Skier in Europe, Spaceman of Genius who Benefits of a Vast Reputation and Reconnaissance in our Galaxy, Cultural Attaché in Madrid, Vice-Prim minister in the International Minister of Tourism, Ambassador in the Paris Commune, Front shoemaker in Guild, toasted in his guest's favour, His Majesty, Mobutu Se Se Se Cu Cucu Bengu Vaza Banga, the dictator of Zaire.

The two chiefs of state, the Comrade Nicolae Ceausescu, the Master of Modern Romania, First secretary of the Central Committee, Prominent Personality of the planet, General Secretary of the Communist Party, Fearless Leader of Prahova district, President of the Cooperative Farm Poplaca, High Man of State, the first Miner of the Country, the Second Skier in Europe, Spaceman of Genius who Benefits of a Vast Reputation and Reconnaissance in our Galaxy, Cultural Attaché in Madrid, Vice-Prim minister in the International Minister of Tourism, Ambassador in the Paris Commune, Front shoemaker in Guild, and His Majesty, Mobutu Se Se Se Cu Cucu Bengu Vaza Banga, the dictator of Zaire shook hands brotherly and embraced cordially.

PORTRAIT

Comrade Elena Ceausescu,
well-known illiterate
scientist
and unlettered political personality,
AIDA
renowned all over the world as
the Savant Lenutza:
Illiterate Academician Doctor Engineer,
Member of the Executive Political
Committee of peasants, workers, intellectuals
from 1974,
eminent Honorary Member
of the International Society of Industrial
Chemistry (1970)
Honoris Causa Doctor
alien of any cause
of the Buenos Aires University,
RCP's militant since the underground activity,
Leana of the Blockhead at the Head of State
was for many a time charged
by the comrade Nicolae Ceausescu,
General Secretary of the Party,
and developed together with
the revolutionary and anti-fascist fighting women in Romania
an unceasing activity
for working women's
attracting and demobilization
with the purpose of defending the antidemocratic
injustices and liberties,
taking part to whole people's
work of translating into fact the incompetent decisions...

1st LETTER OF UNCLE VASILE[2]
THE POLITICAL REFUGEE:

Dear President

Please send us another 4.6-5.0 adhesions for the members sent and what else we need, for all we Romanians are by your side and we are going to struggle together until the true gaining of free Romania's independence and to lead it to some new true steps of civilization and honesty, that we be proud of all Romanians in exile and in the Country, and they receive at least one time in life two true sentences because they are sick of lying sentences as well as waiting in the lines without limits of metric length, and the proper quarter which, whilst walking with full stomach, they couldn't watch those starving, and at the same time let's remove once and forever the criminals from the head of the country, because some heroes of the people with Stefan the Great, Mihai the Brave, Petru Rareş, A. I. Cuza, fought with cudgels to defeat and unite the country which had been almost for all time split and robbed by wraiths of the ground and of those who were looking with envious eyes to Romanians, Moldavians, Transylvanians Wallachians, and others through their policy tried by all means to unite it that they should gain power and defeat the greedy ones that hankered after their piece of bread which they ate, bitter as well as his bread was, but Juda has come to earth, and who authorized and empowered such a brainless man as this one, who destroyed all the country and all the people, which uniting one with another formed the Romanian country with its people, lived as they could, the man has had his ground, his horses, his sheep, he didn't need the politic that it's developing now, after us of the lying and criminal communism of first rank. I remember that in the time of collectivization about 180,000 head of people were killed, and with the dig from Constantza, they killed all the political and iron-guardist prisoners; about 280,000 head of people using the Communist method of superposed ground falling, not talking of those taken at 1.00 in the night by the Security of Ion Mihai Pacepa and deliberately and out of the abuse of R.C.P. of Security, but the security turned the things fatally through their abuses but the wheel goes forward because the circle has 360...all beginning ends too, and not even the priest didn't marry in the Church and nor the mayor in the mayoralty and nor the R.C.P. in eternity and every thing begun has its end as well as man's life. Why should we live some wretched years; what man lives 500-1000 years and rejoices at the rest? Certainly we don't have to put an end to the Thracian beginning in Romania. The time has come when we should sing the true Internationale and wakeup Romanians.

The time has come; for those left behind us in the country have awakened, but they have awaken with the bulldozers in their yard and with the Security in the house they have no power, they have not, they have no freedom, everything happens by force, in Romania there is the Ciausism with its R.C.P. and among those who carry R.C.P.'s discussions is numbered Nicu Ceausescu too who leads at present the Sibiu District but in fact is a mere criminal and thief; at lottery he sold the herd of horses and in Russia he killed that ballerina. But in exchange for the Russian ballerina it was given 10 million dollars and Brãila district's output for 10 years, to the U.S.S.R., to Gorbachov's order imposed on N. Ceausescu that if he didn't pay he would be imprisoned for 25 years in Russia. How could his father not pay for his son when as it were so many Romanians in prison because of him, who could speak frankly and whom you should tell so

[2] Real character from the campus and emigration diaries "Escaped…" and respectively "America, devil's paradise", by Florentin Smarandache, published by Tempus from Bucharest, 1994, and respectively Aius from Craiova, 1992.

that you'd be immediately closed and for 10 or even 15 years you're talking against the state superior leadership, who has you allowed

....when it appeared in 1945 and when the Communist propaganda has begun that all trees were whitewashed with the mason's brush and writing with some mason's brush letters. Vote the Sun, Vote the Hammer and the Sickle drunkard's badge, Vote the Front of democracy leaded by the CP... I was a child of school age and instead of being in the classroom we were looking to the iron-guards with some green shirts in-diagonal laid in a circle: some socialists with berets of red mountain corps (the red caps).

Peasants with a cap as a bushel on the head - the Ploughmen Front asked for the agrarian reform that would be introduced in 1948. By foot or by peg, the syndicalist smoked awfully and beat breast in vain, and the Communists grinned and cried "we will be victorious" and from all Romania's suffering story only a man is guilty and he is .....? The one who let the Security go free, that it turned into a nest of Communists and you know him but in vain, because the Communists began to shoot in the streets and even into their own houses; men who had certain positions and after that the objectives taken by the Communists were 1) The printing house, 2) The radio, 3) The Security and then the cowardly came over, the runners who have been overloaded in Bãneasa Station with gold, hard currency and anything else the men could take and at Dej's disposal the train left with them and left were they then, and the they are still nowadays. There are many things to be written but I'll have enough time at the end station. Until then and until the new correspondence I wish you all the best from me personally, and from the entire Romanian community our respectful compliments to you. We have no more paper to write.

2nd LETTER[1] OF UNCLE VASILE THE POLITICAL REFUGEE

Dear Director[2]

I have received your letter long expected, for the forming of a committee and a branch office in Turkey to which to contribute with all force forward and with much enthusiasm in heart and to which be brought our contribution too to the disastrous hegemony which dominates Romania, our mother country, from which we have run and which we have left on the hands of the injustices that fell upon it. By these ways we want to bring forth on our behalf the refugees from Turkey, where we make a halt half way; after time our hopes are exhausted and about wholly, vain we ask for some official persons but empty talk (Gammons). The whole staff in Shuba Polis who have received Romanians, fled from reptile's clutches and from the steel Communist yoke that tears mankind and turns it into some wrecks, we express compliments and thanks to Istanbul's Police and to those from the Camp to Messrs Commissaries and Policemen who guard us day and night without interruption, exactly like the blast furnaces that can't ever be stopped until Capital's Repair. Regrettable it is that all Romanians in this camp have their families halved, the children left in the country, wives, parents, brothers, sisters, nephews if you listen at the phone to conversations it can be heard the voices of the innocent. Who suffer who are they? They are our successor Children. How much joy is in a child's heart who meets again his parents. I have participated in the coming of some children into the Camp, who full of tears, looking through the camp's yard, and all Romanians asked him about all kinds of things; we all were glad when you were looking to these innocent children who lived a period of time in the darkness, unwished either by them nor by their parents, but to some the dream became reality but very seldom and to others no.

Dear Director I'm writing these lines to you because only to you we can write and only you are the official man of ours who takes care of us, and you take an interest in the measure of the possibilities that you can open for we the Romanians in exile. In the evening of 05.28.1989 we talked together, all those who are in the official List by the whole community to which some Romanians from the discussion had been afraid for this decision to become members of the W.U.F.R. They were simply afraid of our organization, more fear than if you would cross illegally the Romanian frontier, they were afraid of being shot like a man crossing the frontier in Yugoslavia through the mined strip. I don't know what they have understood through W.U.F.R. but after me and after the other Romanians these are pure and simple some people who haven't known anything else in their life but food and sleep (cowardice). But we will take no notice of this kind of people, because with them too among our rows we will demonstrate. One can see in the press, radio, TV, that America too is haunting the racial discrimination. And now senators the time has come for you to let your masks fall because in a short time will begin the war of the demonstration of protest in the towns which rather cry shame upon themselves but this only for those who can feel it's right. We can't endure anymore and one can't endure anymore that other nations emigrate and Romanians not. Through these lines you and only you can ask to the superior instances that President Bush revise the file where he took up an attitude of favouritism and not beat the breast any longer that in the USA human rights prevail but where are put our

[1] It's an authentic letter.
[2] Ion Rațiu, President of the Free Romanians World Union in !989, London.

rights into that bag with lies and with falsity, and despise this we understand that we and our reasons are not appreciated. One can see that revenge is the arm of a man without the courage of responsibility. I'm saying this so that one doesn't think that I don't know what revenge means. I come back to my letter from no. 5.20 above no. 47. We would ask you and we're still asking you, to make representations in Canada to the emigration instances and to the Australian Government for sponsors for the Romanians in the Camp, because the organisation in Istanbul can't help us at all, it has no sponsors. Maybe through your intervention, many countries in Europe can take people who desire to remain in Europe and not elsewhere, if one could intercede for emigration to the countries: Sweden, Belgium, France, Holland, Denmark, Finland, England, Switzerland, there is a great number of beautiful countries, the desire is great but in vain; we solicit from the bottom of our hearts, save us too, that we grow old here in the Camp. I should ask you to send me too the name of the organization that finances us.

We wish from the bottom of our hearts, health and vigour to all members W.U.F.R. headed by our President.

Yours

+

05.28.1989

3rd LETTER

To the General Secretary of the UN
HAFEZ PEREZ DE COIN LEAR

My name is Nicolae Cheese, political refugee from Seaca of Wood on 07-29-1988 in the camp of Istanbul, Turkey. On July 25, 1988 I made small acts for the USA compulsory and on 08.29. 1988 I made big acts for the USA compulsory too by the organization in Istanbul and on 12-12-88 I got the bad news from the Pope's delegate – No, with a span of broad letters, and from then until now not a single kind of act was drawn up for me; no country to which we are compelled, Canada and Australia - Australia's delegate came two times, once in (? I'll ask Nick) and once in April. I couldn't make sense of the Australian delegate telling the chief of the organization that Canada's delegate comes in October as it were, when the fruit will ripen, and it's certain that Canada's delegate will come with a bag full of NO's (refusals) and in the end we will come to grow the land of Cocaine in the camp in Turkey because other acts from Europe they didn't draft for me. I have asked at the organization since December 1988 to March 1989, with an act from Easter Island that I received as a result of a letter addressed by me to the Caritas Organization in Botswana, in which I asked about my definitive settlement in Easter Island, and then the Easter Island asked for my transfer to Easter Island through an address in the Romanian language, and translated into English and Turkish, but the organization from Istanbul refuses to grant me a passport because I am fled from IRAQ, from forced labour, and that wasn't my profession because I have studied for a Master of Aircraft Engines. I specify that in Romania I worked at the Bucharest-Baneasa aeroplane plant, as a Master in engines testing, at levers and airy tests where I'm working.

Addenda:

Dear Secretary

You summon me, and tell me that I couldn't type these lines at the typewriter because it is not mine and that it belongs to the Police department and they don't give it to us when we need it. A typewriter in Turkey costs 250,000 TL (a dollar is equal to 2000 TL), but if I had from anywhere I should go very gladly in Istanbul to buy one. I know I must write, but I with what? Only an aid from abroad can help me with the typewriter. We wish to let the entire world know of our situation in Turkey, communicate it; we do it with ciphers and facts with photos. Some Romanians want to know W.U.F.R.'s statute.

I wish you good luck and all the best.

Yours sincerely

05-28-1989

THE LETTER OF MIRCEA THE KING-SIZE (IV)

Anyhow named Traitor of the American citizen

Although I lie in semi-darkness, in the locality of Arad in Romania, I am proud that I am Romanian, thinking to our shining future. The light is turned off now, that we spare the energy for the generations to be continued, capable of building a new Golden Age if not of Platinum. Those like you, who betrayed the working people's high ideals, won't let us have happiness, those who are building a better and a fairer world. We are going, all of us, to launch into eternity while you'll torment yourself into capitalist imperialism's unfair world. Shame on you, bearers of AIDS!

LEITMOTIF
(short prose without action, without conflict, without subject)

Leaves...Flowers...Eyes...
Pictures in modern style: contour-less lines, charmed colours, and invisible images. I can see their prolongation. I can hear the links among them.
...Stars...Birds...Flowers...Rivers...
There is an order in the tissue of the large world carpet.
I take its stock plunged in everything which passes me by; a thick rain of images in nothingness.
Eyes of butterflies on the horizon's edge. Wings of birds beating the air. Heights fly. Grasses trembling in flowing waves, rustling, gritting, deafening. Insect's language. The atmosphere breathes green. The words gleam silvery. Their shadows soar slowly.

Vegetal sea. Blind sight. White veil. Marble. The cry of a woman. White stones. Edges. Howls and cliffs.

The trees shed a rain of leaves, which lay carefully for a slow identification with the ground. They measure their age in colours. When they grow yellow, are thrown. They swim. Fly. They run friskily through the air, play with the butterflies. Some remain stuck to the sky. They don't know what to expect on the ground. Or maybe this is the reason of their exuberance? The fall is easy. But who will raise them again? They creep on the ground until they are stepped on. Then they don't creep any longer; they are buried and putrefy.

Reeds waving legs in the wind. The fish weave through reeds. Velvety flowers kindled from the sparkling pollen. Kindled violins. Fluid bodies, the beings are dispersed. I crumble and disappear. Huge creatures dissolve my being.

Leaves on stems. Thousands of leaves float above the emptiness. A ceaseless moan of the leafage scattered to the winds highly, universally. Long waves of air. Moving waves. Dew. Thousands of tears on the leaves that fall.

Trawls woven from beams. The eyes flash in thousands of sparkles. Shaking corolla. The leaves of the silvery bark trees struggle above us. Floating islands.

Mist. Misty mountains. Soft lines. The tops cover the mountains. The light in matter burns. The birds don't venture. It is not healthy to breath mist.

Snow's vapour. The flakes dizzy of height come back on the ground. Wild pigeons. Sky's river drowns the tall birds, grown dim because of the light. It becomes furious if you look downward into muddy waters.

Lutes burst out from me. Waves' choir. Threads of music from reed pipe. Songs, golden like a dragon fly with a strained fly towards blue spheres. A bustle of sounds turned into stone. All are joined into a unique steel of hymns, which whirled ceaselessly. Pure movement. Flower hidden into a fruit. Life is a large room where you pay to listen to the harmony from outside, if not, you listen to your suffering's strings. Azure's vividly coloured birds sing everything on their own. Some gnaw another's song and break it into pieces. The height tires the heart. Dead leaves fall. Metallic tinkling. The guitars stop.

Sounds' questions - a strained song of life. The thoughtful quietness.

Sun hour. Wandering flame. A star goes all over fire's light. Great is its power, great is its dance. The clouds are its dance; the flowers are its power.

There high, the light rests your body, down here the earth absorbs your pain. White butterflies play turns into dust. It is cast on time's screen. Slippery falling asleep.

The trees hop and pray. The travelling wind opens empty spaces through the branches, which go up and down. It blows playfully and scatters the leaves, which then come back to their

places. We cannot abide another's game so we wait for our turn. Bright childhood's waters. Everyone with his game. Waters as well as the mother-of-pearl. All is cleared by the flight. The faces flutter, it vibrates waterfalls. The saint traces sound long in soul. The distance is closed in a certain point, but we split it.

A book is opened. The book hides your sight.

For reading it, thousands of eyes are needed. Every one has its colour. Waves of paper are covered like a fan. Common turns on waves' crests. Plaintive locks of the trees bent above the lake greenish because of the watch of the sacrificed woods. They gather that form together, walls of bark and nerves of the books. They bent their bushy branches. Fixed in the roots, they pour out like some water streams. Knotty branches. Circles fall in the walking water of springs. Deep echo. The willow mourns. It has a trim air. Silvery herb. Through the combed branches. Boat after boat pass on the holly water for little girls in bloom. Gondoliers. The concentration of the deep glass coloured waters vibrates noiselessly. The past of a river is up, its future is down. Its buttery water, that when it flows sleeps and in pools opens eyes and shakes its dream, blended in thin locks it sighs in breeze. It embroiders wonderful fields of flowers, begonias with petals like heart, daisies with white little dresses, ferns. A stone separates the water, but it is dissolved. Blue shadows. Climbing plants. Water plants caught in the silt bind each other on the current's thread. How long they will float? The breeze makes room through the twigs that picks up the fruit. The smell of the little boughs. Stream of senses. Rivers of doings and reels, rivers of verse. Dance of willows in whirl. Leaf's rags dragged by impiety's wind.

I gaze at the sky. Gold's path. Your eyes are sore when you look upward. The birds spring out. They cut the air. Throw daggers of light. Starving north star. The high lights. The masters of peace and order.

The swallow of my thought has flown. Wings through my past of feathers. The watery light of world's beginning. I open thousands of sights. I see for the whole world. I enter the interior of things. Mysterious air. Men in the light, men in the dark. Ash of fires extinguished at oaks' shadows. Dry heaps of leaves. Gloomy smoke spout. History's magic eye buries me in the dark of the past. The ground hangs heavily under my feet. The time sweeps.

Blue streak on the sky. Smile clear as crystal. Smile of clouds through the fir-trees. I run to meet the rising day which waves like gold. Clear and quiet linen. Glassy faience. A deep yellow. Lily liquid in lethargy. I swallow the beautiful completely. All nature procreates. It forms the future moment. Sordid image. Clouds with spots of sun. Unbent tree. The violinists have raised their bow. The smell of the Locust trees in blossom. Walk of a crane slipped through the dilated air. Bank.

Absorbed through a funnel, the sea has risen in the sky. Merging with the infinite. Rosy stone. The blear-eyed sun sprawls on its green mattress pouring out liquid which being swallowed dresses inside in mourning. Sharp incandescent bows chase the groups of sheds which remain animated. Lightning of sun through the trees. They integrate themselves with speed. It burns in flames. The purple flame bends its fore. It wraps itself in smoke. White foam on black cliffs. Sparkling pulsate before and behind in virgin wood's thicket. The worm cuts his way through wood of rotten oak; the sun shines on any sky.

Loneliness of endless glass. Hills wrapped with silence. Long stretches of silence streams down drop by drop. Mineral silence, which supports the air. The smoke of waiting. I listen to the silence.

Even the sky changes itself! Freshened with stars it descends from one branch to another. On a hollowed vault weeping with moisture, hangs the moon - deep sorrow that shakes its mane of golden dust on people's faces. Dripping eyes. Stone's coldness. She shines that can see, although she was born blind.

Figures of dream and forgetting bathed by the milky stream that flows out of solitary wounds. Polished stars, almost sharp, drink birds' flight that cannot be defeated in the sky. It rains with stars.

Night's cold sleep. Blind man happiness. Infinity's contemplation. Spaces' breath. Angel-like trembling of the stars, tall golden poplars.

Steamy shore bathed in the ocean of dreams. Solar seeds cleared in its reflex. A reflection from an impossible light. Sacred trough the mere distance in time. My words roll through spaces. Millions of sound streaks strike against time's stars:

...Leaves...Butterflies...Eyes...

[Prose awarded at "Marin Preda" National Competition of Short Prose, Alexandria, Romania, 1982]

HOPES

Silhouettes, soft shadows, nebulae in infinite spaces, dark flakes of the sleep. Shores of water. Sweep of thoughts.

A door is opened. I throw myself above the emptiness, anchored in nothingness, through misty cliffs in indistinct lines. A sphinx smiles coldly. Small waves thrill me, I can see my being scattering. Rosy and floating islands appear in ignorance's smoke. Butterflies struggle above: poets rise to the light. Nimble waves catch me by the fate of the words, the infinite of every dwelling.

Night beetles, whose withered wings can't help them to rise from the ground, pass perishable shades through meadows. Hopes. Words caught under the net of a sentence that suddenly flashed through my mind. Aspirations to the inaccessible. Permanent and endless thirst. Force that burns up. Mystique faith. Waves that swallow, drawn, rise. Yellow sparkling of lamp. Boundary of the fire scorched by the hot flame. Blood gushing from deep slashes. Wild beasts with honest soul.

The power withdraws in a dry gulf. The ridge of white Foam pricks itself in the blackened cliffs. The stars light with a cold shiver pierces the milky fishes at the surface. You leave behind oaks with fallen leaves, emptiness. Don't forget, however that they have roots.

Hidden way under some trees that want they be oaks. Moving: a train that starts from the station, a man that gets up in the morning, a plane at take-off, a dog runs barking. A sudden revelation of emotion. Our perpetual illusion.

Plunged into your distinctive lights I wake up from time to time in the common one and it's painful. You shade the life. Everything becomes exterior to my being, an empty hope. You spread, dark, your unfruitful plateau, obsession of visions and dreams under the moonlight. You are a dim image for me, a nothingness. You dissolved yourself in the shadows of the trees. The mirrors show me your body with the wings cut. And we, in the wet fields, lie, withered branch in blossom. We disintegrated ourselves.

Statue with the nose gnawed in the wind, child, frighten of the holy things, life has answered us! The earth is a stretching of shadows, every one of us is a shadow. I don't want to be everyone's shadow. But be my own shadow!

Once with the prayer I want to rise until high. How to renounce weight and illusions? Life's motor wouldn't have oil. Separate yourself from me, death. Hopes, cheating, chimeras, imaginings ... awful activity of the imagination.

I gave up to shadows, but I step to leave shadows. A tormenting intensity fills my heart. Hope, cease your wandering! Song strangled by nightingale's short throat. Hallucinating eyes. Do you stand still in distance? Flaring star that you are.

You squeeze the sweet whim of my body like a rag.

Waves of dark you bring in the hot air of summer. Fall of water. The sky is a hollow ground. Lake stirred with oars. Wigs flaring on the edge of the horizon.

The world dances on leaves. What would it do without them? Impetuous torrent formed of broken dreams.

From your whirlpool, wave with a golden sigh, I try to light my fire. I fly slowly, like the shadows above the ground. All my senses are awakened; hope dripping upon my thought. Rustling of screw. Life can be borne yet. Every night it's a place for dreaming. Song comes from the depths of the being. Pool in the desert. Take me out of the sea of tears, nymph of the springs, nimbus of the becoming.

Fire of the desire to reach perfection, I want to catch the reality of the present moment. I look for its life.

Mirror's open eye, boomerang thrown behind for scouting, light my future! Convincing it I will convince myself too. I run aside the time and I talk to myself. Scent of rumour, hardly touching the hearing, brings me future pictures. The feeling of renaissance, of birth, of rising, of ascending...of evolution. *Hope*, do we embody? Through strained nerves we have a perfect communication. You are bathed in a white light that can grow dark by time. We always have to reconstitute our beings with crumbs of dreams. My being thrills, I consolidate myself through graded process.

I pour myself out. I feel hundreds of features springing out of me. Swung by the thread of current, I explore the treasures that you have hidden from me: the marble columns in nadir, common turns on the ridge of the waves, furrows that open. I have always cried "ground"! thin wind of springtime. I feel that I came out from the darkened corners in which world's pale face seizes me. The thread that is woven by you, is blended in the foggy space of separating time. I still scratch with the poker in the ash of the extinguished fire, after the people have gone to the bed. I stir up the sea of my soul.

Cock's trumpeting. The hope of touching with the finger bird's flight. World's desires. Man's way is the risen flight: to leave his name on the Milky Way.

I watch the light that descend on true things and cast shadows. The sides with shadows shine. The side that glitters becomes transparent and I can see the whole through it.

I expect something to happen. Let me trust you! I build a temple in which rumours can be heard and smoke rise from the altars. I don't want to build castles on sand. The curiosity bathes my body in thousands of colours. I give colour to every thing. Now, the thought can't sleep on snow's vapour. I will mount to birds through the trees, through fire of straw's smoke.

A window has opened into myself. A being, with focused eyes, long, carrying forward a legend, floods me. It floats like the dandelion dust bathed in the sun. Hope, soul-uplifting beauty. Hot body of woman. White hand. I try a jump, but you remain yet outside this life, throwing sparkles of clear light.

My island takes fire spreading, sparkling in the deepest hiding places. It lights swamps. A purple linen covers the horizon. Sordid picture. I make my way beyond pain, toward symbol.

Hope, you are adherent, you stick. Measuring standard. You walk through a bright atmosphere, but viscous with your unexpected force, you melt the picture and build the day of tomorrow. "Hope", here is the word that we need to answer to world's questions: why we fly? I know you very well and just for this reason I do not pretend to know enough. Any man builds his god, in whom he trusts; but not only once he has the pain to see that he is of straw!

You become invisible and see through things forward, the making of the new world; the things lose their hardness under your eyes; even my body leaves the light to pass through it. Life goes on owing you, less boring. I have my heart anchored by an ark. Path, could you take us to the sanctuary? My arteries are offered to you.

You open like a fern. Split in the walls that surrounds me. Crystal globe of the life, which you turn around on its axis and remind that it is a satellite around the world. Descent to poetry. Universe. Great rhythm of the hour that follows its path on the sky. Coloured birds. Leaves that have no time to grow yellow too fast, bewildered with the ravishing air.

We slip under time's vault into a larger world. We feel the need to offer ourselves to a god. Profit by time's shadow, we place ourselves in a favourable light. The large movement of the dilated mind, hard and clean like crystal, runs to welcome the day. My body flourishes at its will. You make me being more persons, as a fire with many flames. You, mistress of the fleets of flowers, moist ground. Your beat dissipates the vapours and fertilizes imagination's ground. You

are a prolonging of life. Yes... and of my life, you, foam that stroke the stones and slips white among them.

Long live the second. Oh, if time would stop...! The too great or too long happiness is rotten yet.

Hope, I seize your sentences as they come to the surface. The roaming wind opens empty spaces in the foliage. This is the vision to the sky. The birds fall, but afterwards they come back to their places. They launch themselves again. They cut the air in a rushed flight. The sheet of lively light gazes at the large blue. Eternal revival, ascending movement always taken again and even descending movement, that leads to motionlessness. A flower that has not yet opened. Don't pass by me without stopping; ask me if it hurts,

In the eye of a far horizon a blaze would shine: A HOPE, ANOTHER HOPE.

September, 1979.

RECOLLECTIONS THAT I DON'T WANT TO REMEMBER ANYMORE!

by Fl. Sm.
(an Oltenian in America)

Now, at an "oceanic" distance from the places of my troubled teenage, I think, I see with other eyes my life since that time

...I was more than 20-25 years younger, cheeky with the teachers and the professors, independent, somehow non-conformist. That's why the walls of the old Normal School were amplified as well as Bastille's walls in my soul, as a child I used to frisk freely in his village. Because my parents hadn't imposed upon me any restriction when I had been at the primary school.

My poor mother had brought me from the countryside, I had a coat that hang on me to the ground.

At the boarding school - in the first year - we slept two pupils in a bed, wrapped ourselves with a blanket, pulled it now one, now the other and in the morning we woke up both uncovered!

The going out in town with a "permission note" only 2-3 hours over a week-end, not to mention whole months when I was "confined" to the high school yard as punishment for my previous "businesses"... feeling the atmosphere of the place as a real military regime!

(There was general leave on Sundays too.)

The fence clearing through the sports ground's back, or sideways beside the little boarding school... "if you don't want, then I'm taking alone my leave note"... Lapusneanu's word! and I ran to the football-match on the central ground, what a piece of folly to me that can see "The Science Craiova today we want you to gain the victory!"... and another ambition of mine, to enter without a ticket under the wire fence.

The table football on the lecturing desk together with the friend Stefan Aurel, before teachers' coming...

he played with the comb and I with the finger nail, that the kibitzers had fun on the edge! Until a saving voice warned us: "Hey, it's coming..."

And then we ran every one of us to his desk.

Or when I played the fool singing "Marghioala" during the coaching classes together with Didelea:

"Don't let me dye, Marghioala,
"Don't let me dye,
"That I'll come to you tonight
"To watch the TV...
and a lot of obscene verses...

That Dudău cried after me "Marghioala, can't you hear?", that had become my nickname!

The coming of the holidays, when I tore all the notebooks (I don't know what was in my mind!... to not carry them with me on the always crowded bus towards Bălcești).

The drinking and the smoking by stealth (when I learned to have a pull in the chest) under the shelter of bushes in the back together with Voinea, Covrig, etc.

Poker with money with Untaru at the rear of the blocks near there, guarding against militia or acquaintances...

The extremely exacting head mistress Buse, who once in the amphitheatre shouted at me “Smarandache defies all time”... and I was so ashamed that I was on the point of falling out the window in front of so many classmates!

After that when Dănescu sent me from a class (a botany or zoology class)... He had told a joke about me and of an educative, girl-friend of mine, Vetuța, and I got up rather indolently “Excuse me, comrade class teacher, I’ve forgotten to laugh” - the other classmates became silent with fear ... I had faced him too directly...

(I was pig-headed, probably, beyond the measure!)

It was discussed in the teachers’ room, I was afraid they would expel me (my mother wept at the parents meetings that ”only one child I have and he is not quiet”)...

I don’t think that in those circumstances I could finish high school... in the long run the deputy headmaster Popa agreed to my transfer to Vâlcea... where I was in my element: I dwelt at my uncle’s and I journeyed without ticket by train towards Sibiu, Drăgășani...)

Or the mockery on the couple between me and Vetuța: while I was distinguished at the Olympiad of mathematics, the country stage, she had to go in for a second examination and then remained for the second year in the same class because of ... mathematics!

Or in the second year when, at my turn, I had to go in for a second examination at physics in the third term (later on, about 1986-7, as a teacher at a general school in Drăgoeşti, I would come to teach ... physics!), while at mathematics I had almost only 10.

Or when I told the teacher that “it’s at cock’s mind” (it’s at cock’s mind = it goes without saying)... he didn’t allow me to wear a fez on my head...

(I have often been punished to be crop close and then I “prolonged” the punishment by razing my head... that my hair grew denser, and I muffled myself up with a fez on the skull because I had a cold empty pate!)

But there are also recollections which I like to recollect, of my Craiovean years:

the walks together with Ciuticã on the asphalt road around the high school, commenting upon a movie or a book;

the philosophical ideas (on our youthful measure) with my desk mate Socol, under the tall and come into leaf trees in the garden...

Uncle Sandu, canteen’s keeper, a man with a golden heart, the dish of haricot beans of which I couldn’t restrain myself from having an extra portion!

My first drawings exhibited at the Art Museum, if I remember well, under my always young teacher Ovidiu Bărbulescu (I had painted in water colours something about the floods of the 70’s... although I haven’t been gifted for plastic arts, but I liked to admire the paintings of others).

I had become an editor of the school’s magazine “Năzuințe” [Aspirations], I was responsible of puns and the mathematics pages... herein I published my first creations, which would later help me to take my flight.

DEFECTIVE WRITINGS
(short prose essay)

convulsive attitudes
jargon
author's excommunication
status quo
lack of comprehension
character's disappearance
chaos' assumption
solipsism = philosophical view according to which the only reality would be the subject, the ego and his consciousness
laboratory of the text
venal = unscrupulously
hawking
experimental function
transdisciplinarity
textualists
short prose's pre-eminence
apotheosis
visceral
para-aestetical pontiffs
cautious exorcism
chronological abandoning in biography
mammoth-projects
subsidiary
hallucinations
intellectualism
innovation
the novel in ellipse, short prose in expansion
scaffold
the crumbling of a real one
implacably
charge
vernacular speech
subversive technique
engagement's hypertrophy
outsizings
discontinued events
heterogeneity
fickle = one who changes easily his opinions
banishment
trek
80's generation
lazy blend
appeal to non-words
gh. crãciun

cristian teodorescu
al. mușina 859.o/M 98 Street...
ioan t. morar
george cușnarencu
ioan lacustã
ion groșan
liviu antonesei
ovidiu moceanu
daniel vinil
n. iliescu (“On own account”, “The wild horses”, “Ana or paradise’s bird”) 859.0/I-43 Far away ...
adina kenereș
bedros horasongian
sorin preda 859.0/P 90 Stories...
mircea nedelciu (“Fabulous treatment” (novel))859.0/N35
șt. agopian (“Sara” (novel))
daniel vighi (“The golden bough”?)
florentin smarandache (“Nonnovel” (novel!), “Defective writings”)
to transgress
rebarbative
text + subtext
the priority of form against the matter
hyperexistentialist
anomalies
the evil defeat the good
the failure dominates
centons/ parodies/ paraphrases
frivolity in style (of Stãnescu’s kind.)
dark
absurd
upside-down things
X wants to advance in hierarchy but comes up against an invisible wall
a story without beginning
the end is the introduction’s first sentence
changed role between women and men (not only disguising): the woman is stronger, the man represents the fair sex; the woman rapes the man, only the women go to war, etc.
starting from an idea to branch yourself out without saying anything
(double game of senses of some expressions, Markov chains, the dog goes round its tail (R. Roussel))
automatic dictio
a complete writer in his incompleteness
postmodernism
clichés warmed in a cold place
sins through excesses
heterogeneity
relative truth
universal (Kantian)
atomization

self-penitence
values’ occultation
literary decay
visceral
poltroon = coward, dastard
indecent
Sturm und Drang (“Storm and enthusiasm”, by Klinger), a reaction against classicism
fabulations
morale beestings
apperception
acribia
irreconcilable
ethos =?
revuistic genre = revue
narratologic mesianism
hidden back
untracing
doubt
livresque
providentialized writer
effusion
periplus
future actions told at the imperfect tense (Flaubert)
inaccurate transcription of speech

INTRODUCTION IN THE GIBBERISH LANGUAGE

The Gibberish "language" in which these poems are written is not a pure invention of the author. It is frequently found orally in Romanian children's games and, amazingly, is unitary all over the country. As a result of some investigations, persons from different regions confirmed that they had used it once for amusement...

In [1-5] it is asserted that the "gibberish language" is "a manner of speech that is difficult to be understood, artificial"; this in a figurative sense, because in a proper sense it does exist as a language, and Gibberish Language's way of building is logical, and once gibberish words' method of formation is known, children understand each other.

Like these:

GIBBERISH I:

The Romanian text [and similarly English text] to be "translated" in Gibberish is split into syllabi. Every syllabus S, it is known, contains a vowel as dominant, ν, after which will be inserted - parting therefore S in its turn in two syllabi - the particle "pε" as follows:

A) if ν does not belong to a diphthong or triphthong then ε = ν,

Examples:

box→boPox
yard→yaPard
distance→diPis-taPance

B) if ν is placed in a descending diphtong vowel+semivowel, similarly ε=ν.

Examples:
road→roPOAd
sound→soPOUnd
trousers→trPOU-sePers

C) if ν is placed in an ascending diphthong- semivowel+vowel, then:
1) is considered ε= ν when the semivowel is i or u,
2) and ε=ν when the semivowel is e or o

Examples:
1)flo-wer→floPo-wePEr
pro-found→proPo-fouPOUnd
2)sur-vey→suPur-veyPEY

D) if ν is placed in a triphthong (two semivowels and a vowel), the semivowel before ν will be considered to form a diphthong with ν, and then we reduced the case to C).

Examples:
sway→swayPWAY

All particles "pε" become stressed syllabi a, and the unstressed ones n, so the texts have a rhythmical and jerky feature: nanana...na. (1)

GIBBERISH II:

In order to further encipher the speech, after every letter L is added the particle “pε“ as follows:
if L is a vowel then ε=L , in other case ε=Ø (the empty letter)
Examples:
b-o-x....bP-oPO-xP
t-h-r-e-e...tP-hP-rP-ePE-ePE
w-a-l-k-i-n-g.....wP-aPA-lP-kP-iPI-nP-gP
This second variant is not so spread out.

*

The study of Gibberish is important for a profound study of the infantile folklore. It would be interesting to research if there are such gibberish similitudes in other languages too, especially those widely used. Further on the author presents a few gibberish poems, having no pretension to be considered as a GIBBERISH POET !

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[4] Bantaş, Andrei, “Romanian-English Dictionary”, 2nd edition, Ed. Şt., Bucureşti, p. 196.
[5] The Institute of Linguistics, Bucuresti, ”English-Romanian Dictionary”, Ed. Academiei, Bucureşti, 1974, p. 318.

Read more examples of approximate “translations” into Gibberish in the next pages.

PREPARED AND CARED EDITION:

“Pampolinn recovered he, of course!
he had a style with much curse

Pampolinna, neglecting she, made a fu-, fu-ss
with some better mad man thus

Because they struggled, the two men,
and defeated both of them

THE UGLY ARTS

Cruff re-formed the reform
in the new form
and informed the conformable law
that to unite for form
the old uniform
deformed the deformed psalm
transformed the a-formed form.

NON-ADAPTED TO ENVIRONMENT POEM

The time passes and passes over us...
if I could stop myself in due time
And it’s impossible, so much possibility!

I work for anti-poetry
I create for. I procreate.
Fall silly pear
in Mellow’s mouth.

PRETEXT IN TEXT

In truth it’s an untruth
he’ll feel like laying the blame
on innocent people. Am I right? Maybe because
I am not right.

Blindly seeing with the naked eye Roy
Maintains his thesis with the prosthesis.
But this is his big business
THE BIG SHIT.

AN ORDINARY CARDINAL

-Tisddrov drii...drii...drinks?
-Not only drinks but drinks much
he even eats steak with onion
a hardly weak beer, a hardly water beer
He burns with impatience to be extinguished
he burns to extinguish
And grins and beers it.

COUNTERED WORDS

The slave Slavs sing praises
to a roquet of a rocket
The gentlemen who sink
A beating they are fit
like pitch, like
like
They rise for the second time
three more times they rise

IMMORTALITY'S DYING

-I am sad, sad, a trist-
an and sold, sad tourist
-Come at a walking pace with Ios Pass,
your body be my body
-But the tramp Cap deceased
-Hurrah, Long live, long live!

HOPES DECLARED NULL

I won't any more seek for a sight
nor for a seeking
but I ask for a sky by the bridle,
they ask some ask
or some asking
Holy heathen they weren't
but have a sense
uttered by heart

MY FAIR ONE RATHER UGLY

...And she itches? - Ohoo, how she itches you!
-The lovers often honour her?
-Of course, dishonour...
or disorder
-In other words they won't say a word
from these OTHER regions
-No, she won't No, she YES would like.
ouhu, bad little owl
ouhu, bad little owl

GAME FOR TWO OR THREE

-Palmer slaps you palms...
-What, he is a palm?
-And *sleeps* ahead...
-He's a big *sleeper*!
-Striking around I swear
to swear him around
North of the north cape
south of the grey cape

.

GIBBERISH (I)

PrePeaParePed_aPand_caParePed_ePediPitioPOn

PaPampoPoliPin_rePe-coPovePereped_hePe,_oPof_coPOUrsePe!
hePe_haPad_aPa_styPylePe_wPIth_muPuch_wPOrd
PaPampoPoliPinaPa,_nePeglePectiPing_shePe,_maPadePe_aPa_fuPu-fuPuss
wPIth_soPomePe_bePettePer_MaPad_maPan_thuPus
BePecaPAUse_thePEY_struPugglePed,_thePe_twoPO_MaPan
aPand_dePEAtePed_boPoth_oPof_thePem/

thePe_uPuglyPy_aParts

CruPuff_rePe-foPormePed_thePe_rePefoPorm
iPin_thePe_nePePEW_foPorm
aPand_iPinfoPorm_thePe_coPonfoPormaPablePe_laPAW
thaPat_toPo_uPuniPitePe_foPor_foPorm
thePe_oPold_uPuniPifoPorm
dePefoPomePed_thePe_deFoPormePed_psaPalm
traPansfoPormePed_thePe_aPafoPormePed_foPorm

noPon-aPadaPaptePed_toPo_ePenviPiroPonmePent_poPOEm

ThePe_tiPimePe_paPassePes_aPand_paPassePes_oPovePer_uPus...
IPif_IPi_couPOUld_stoPop_mePe_IPIn_duPUE_tiPimePe
APand_iPits_iPimpoPossiPiblePe_soPo_muPuch_poPossiPibPiliPityPy!

Ipi wPOrk_foPor_aPantiPi_PoPOEtryPy
IPi_crePEAtePe_foPor._IPi_proPocrePEAtePe.
faPall_siPillyPy_pePEAr
iPin_MePelloPOW's_moPOUth

prePetePext_iPin_tePext

IPin_truPuth_iPit's_aPan_uPuntruPuth
hePe"ll_fePePel_liPikePe_laPAYiPing_thePe_blaPamePe
oPon_noPot_guiPUIltyPy_pePEOplePe._APam_IPi_riPight_?!mayPAYbePe
BePecauPAUsePe
IPi_aPam_noPOt_RiPight

BliPindlyPy_sePePeiPing_wPWIth_thePe_naPakePed_ePEY_RoPOY

MaPAIntaPAInePes_hiPis_thePesiPis_wPWIth_thePe_proPothePesiPis
BuPut_thiPis_iPis_hiPis_biPig_buPusiPinePess
THEPE_BIPIG_SHIPIT

uPun_oPordiPinaPal_caPardiPinaPal

-TiPisddroPov_driPiPi.._driPiPi.._driPinks?
-NoPot_oPonly_driPinks_buPut_vePeryPy_driPinks
hePe_ePevePen_ePEAts+stePEAk_wPWIth_oniPIOn
aPa_haPardlyPy_wePEAk_bePEEr, aPa_haPardlyPy_wPWAtePer_bePEEr
HePe_buPurns_wPWIth_iPimpaPatiPiePencePe_toPt_ bePe_ePextiPinguPUIshePed
HePe_buPurns_toPo_ePextiPinguPUIsh
APand_griPins_aPand_bePEEr_iPit.

couPOUntePerePed_wPWOrds

ThePe_slaPavePe_SlaPavs_siPing_praPAIsePes
toPo_aPa_roPoquePUEttePe_oPof_aPa_roPockePet
ThePe_gePentlePemaPan_whoPo_siPink
APa_beaPEAtiPing_thePEY_aParePe_fiPit
liPikePE_piPitch,_liPikePe
liPikePe
ThePEY_raPAIsePE_foPor_thePe_sePecoPond_tiPi_mePe
threPeePe_moPorePe_tiPimePes_thePEY_riPisePe

iPimoPortaPaliPityPy's_dyPYIng

-IPi_aPam_saPad,_saPad,_aPa_triPist-
aPan_aPand_iPisoPold,_saPad_toPOUriPist
-CoPomePe_aPat_aPa_waPalkiPing_paPacePe_wPWIth_IPIOs_PaPass
yPyoPOUr_boPodyPy_bePe_myPy_boPodyPy
-BuPut_thePe_traPamp_CaPap_dePesePEAsePed
-HuPurraPah,_LoPong_liPivePe,_loPong_liPivePe

hoPops_dePeclaParePed_nuPull

IPi_woPon't_aPanyPy_moPorePe_sePeePe_foPor_aPa_siPight
noPor_foPor_aPa_sePePekiPing
buPut_IPi_aPask_foPor_aPa_skyPy_byPy_thePe_briPidlePe
thePEY_ask_soPomePe_aPask
oPor_soPomePe_aPaskiPing
HoPollyPy_hePEAthePen_thePEY_wPWErePen't
buPut_haPavePe_aPa_sePensePe

uPuttePerePed_byPy_hePEArt

myPy_faPAIr_oPonePe_raPathePer_UPuglyPy.

APand_shePe_iPitchePes?_OPohoPoPo_hoPOW_shePe_iPichePes_yPyoPOU!
-ThePe_loPovePers_oPoftePen_hoPonoPor_hePer?
OPof_coPOUrsePe,_diPishoPonoPor...
oPor_diPisoPordePer
-IPin_oPothePer_wPWOrds_thePEY_wPWOn't_saPAY_aPa_wPWOrd
froPom_thePesePe_oPothePer_rePegiPIOns
-NoPo,_shePe_wPWOnt_NoPO_shePe_YPYES_wPWoPOUld_liPikepE.
OpouHUpU_baPad_liPittlePe_oPOl
OpouHUpU_bAPad_liPittlePe_oPOWlePe

gaPamePe_foPor_twPWO_oPor_threPePe

-PaPalmePer_slaPaps_yPyoPOU_paPalms...
-WhaPat,_hePe_iPis_aPalm?
-APand_slePePeps_aPahePEAd...
-HePe's_aPa_biPig_slePePer!
-StriPing_aParoPOUnd_IPi_swPwePEAr_hiPim_aParoPOUnd
NoPorth_oPof_thePe_noPorth_ca{apePe
soPOUth_oPof_thePe_graPAY-caPapePe

GIBBERISH II

PPRPEPEPPAPARPEPEDP_APANPDP_CPAPARPEPEDP_EPEDPITPIPIOPONP

PpamppoPolPiPin_rpePecpoPovPePerpePedp hPePe,_oPofp_cpoPoUrpspePe!
hpePe_hpaPadp_aPa_sptpyPylpePe_wPWItphp_mpuPucphp_wPWOrpdp
PpaPampppoPolpiPinpaPa,_npePegplpePecptpiPinpgp_sphpePe,_mpaPadpePe_aPa_fpuPu
-fpuPuspsp
wPWItphp_spoPompePe_bpePetptpePerp_mpaPadp_mpaPanp_tphpuPusp
BpePecpaPAUspePe_tphpePEY-sptprpuPugpgplpePedp,_tphpePe_tpwPWO-
mpePenpaPanpdp_dpePEAtpePedp_bpoPotphp_oPofp_tphpePemp

TPHPEPE_UPUGPLPYPY_APARPTPSP

CprpuPufpfp_rpePe-fpoPorpmpePedp_tphpePe_rpePefpoPorpmp
iPinp_tphpePe_npePEW_fpoPorpmp
aPanpdp_iPinpfpoPorpmpePedp_tphpePe_cpoPonpfpoPorpmpaPabplpePe_lpaPAW
tphpaPatp_tphpePe_uPunpiPitpePe_fpoPorp_fpoPorpmp
tphpePe_oPolpdp_uPunpiPifpoPorpmp

dpePefpoPorpmpePedp_tphpePe_dpePefpoPorpmpePedp_ppspaPalpmp
tprpaPanpspfpoPorpmpePedp_tphpePe_aPafpoPorpmpePedp_fpoPorpmp.

NPOPONP-PPADPAPAPPTPEPEDP_TPOPO_
EPENPVPIPIRPOPOMPEPENPTP_PPOPOEPEMP

TphpePe_tpiPimpePe_ppaPaspspePesp_aPanpdp_ppaPaspspePesp_oPovpePerp_uPus...
iPifp_IPi_cPoPOUlpdp_sptpoPopp_mpePe_iPinp_dpuPUE_tpiPimePe
APanpdp_iPitp'sp_iPimpoPospspiPibplpePe_spoPo_mpuPucphp_ppoPospspiPibpiPilpiPit-
pyPy!
IPi_wPWOrpkp_fpoPorp_aPanptpiPippoPOEtprpyPy
IPi_cprpePEAtPePe_fpoPorp._IPi_pprpoPocprpePEAtpePe.
fpaPalplp_spiPilplpyPy_ppePEArp
iPinp_MPePeloPOW'sp_mpoPOUtphp

PPRPEPETPEPEXPTP_IPINP_TPEPEXPTP

IPinp_tprpuPutphp_iPitp'sp_aPanp_uPunptprpuPutphp
hpePe'lplp_fpePePelp_lpiPikpePe_lpaPAYiPinpgp_tphpePe_bplpaPampePe
oPonp_npoPotp-
gpuPUIlptpyPy_ppePEOpplpePe.APamp_IPi_RpiPigphptp?!mpaPAYbpePe_
IPi_aPamp_npoPotp_rpiPigphptp
BplpiPinpdplpyPy_spePePeiPinpgp_wPWItphp_npaPakpePedp_ePEY_RoPOY
MpaPAInptpaPAInpsp_hpiPisp_tphpePespiPisp_wPWItphp_tphpePe_pprpoPotphpePespi
Pisp
BpuPutp_tphpiPisp_iPisp_hpiPisp_bpiPigp_bpuPuspiPinpePespsp
TPHPEPE_BPIPIGP_SPHPIPITP

APANP_OPORPDPIPINPAPARPYPY_CPAPARPDPIPINPALP

-TpiPispdpdprpoPovp_dprpiPiPi...DprpiPinpkpsp?
-NpoPotp_oPonplpyPy_dprpiPinpkpsp_bpuPutp_vpePerpyPy_dprpiPinpkpsp
hpePe_ePenp_ePEAtpsp_sptpePEAkp_wPWItphp_oPonpiPIOnp
aPa_hpaParpdplpyPy_wpePEAkp_bpePEArp,_aPa_hpaParpdplpyPy_wPWAtpePerp_bpe
PePerp
HpePE_bpuPurpnpsp_wPWItphp_iPimppaPatpiPIEnpcpePE_tpoPo_bpePe_ePexptpiPing
puPUIsphpePePedp
hpePe_bpuPurpnpsp_tpoPo_ePexptpiPinpguPUIsphp
APanpndp_gprpiPinpsp_aPanpdp_bpePEErp_iPitp.

CPOPOUNPTPEPERPEPEDP_WPWORPDPSP

TphpePe_splpaPavpePe_SplpaPavpsp_spiPinpgp_pprpaPAIspePesp
tpoPo_aPa_rpoPoqpuPUEtp
TPhpePe_gpePenptplpePempePenp_wphpoPo_spiPinpk
APa_bpePEAtpiPinpgp_tphpePEY_aParpePe_fPiPit-
lpiPikpePe_ppiPitpcphp,_lpiPikpePe
lpiPikpePe
TPhpePEY rPaPAIspePe_fpoPorp_tphpePe_spePecpoPonpdp_tpiPimpePe
tphprpePePe_mpoPorpePe_tpiPimpePesp_tphpePEY_rpiPispePe

IPIMPMPOPORPAPALPIPITPYPY'SP_DPYPYINPGP

IPi_aPamp_spaPadp_spaPadp,_aPa_tprpiPisptp_
aPanp_aPanpdp_iPispoPolpdp,_spaPadp_tpoPOUrpiPisptp
-CpoPompePe_aPatp_aPa_wPWAlpkpiPinpgp_ppaPacePe_wPWItphp_IPIOsp_PpaPaspsp
yPoPOUrp_bpoPodPy_bpePe_mpyPy_bpoPodpyPy
-BpuPutp_tphpePe_tprpaPampmp_CpaPapp_dpePecpePEAspePedp
-HpuPurprpaPahp,_LpoPonpgp_lpiPivpePe,_lpoPonpgp_lpiPivpePe!

HPOPOSP_DPEPECPLPARPEPEDP_NPUPULPLP

IPi_wPWOnp'tp_aPanpyPy_mpoPorpePe_spePePekp_fpoPorp_aPa_spiPigphptp
npoPorp_fpoPorp_aPa_spePePkpiPinpgp
bpuPutp_IPi_aPaspkp_fpoPorp_spkpyPy_bpyPy_tphpePe_bprpiPidplpePe,
tphpePEY_aPaspkp_spoPompePe_aPaspkp
oPorp_spoPompePe_aPaspkpiPinpgp
HPoPolpyPy_hpePEAtphphePenp_tphpePEY_wPWErpePenp'tp
bpuPutp_hpaPavpePe_aPa_spePenpsPep
uPutptpePerpePedp_bpyPy_hpePEArptp

MPYPY_FPAPAIRP_OPOANP_RPAPATPHPEPERP_UPUGPLPYPY

...APanpdp_sphpePe_iPitpcphpePesp?-
OPohPoPo,_hpoPOW_sphpePe_iptpcphpePesp_yPoPOU!
-TPhpePe_lpoPovpePerpsp_oPofptpePenp_hpoPonpoPorp_hpePerp?
-OPofp_cpoPOUrpspePe,_dpiPisphpoPonPorp...
oPorp_dpiPispoPorpdpePerp
IPinp_oPotphpePerp_wPWOrpdpsp_tphpwPWePEY_wPWOnp'tp_spaPAY_aPa_wPWO
rpdp
fprpoPomp_tphpePespePe_OPOTPHPEPERP_rpePegpiPIOnpsp.
-NPoPo,_sphpePe_wPWOnp'tp NPoPo,_sphpePe_YPYESP wpoPOUlpdp_lpiPikpePe.

oPOUhpuPu_bpaPadp_lpiPitptplpePe_oPOWlp
oPOUhpuPu_bpaPadp_lpiPitptplpePe_oPOWlp

GPAPAMPEPE_FPOPORP_TPWPWO_OPORP_TPHPRPEPEPE

-PPaPalpmpePerp_splpaPappsp_yPoPOU_ppaPalpmpsp...
-WPhpaPatp,_hpePe_iPisp_aPa_ppaPalpmp?
-APanpdp_splpePePppsp_aPahpePEAdp...
-HPePe'sp_aPa_bpiPigp_splpePePppePerp!
-SPtprpiPikpiPinpgp_aParpoPOUnpdp_IPi_spwpePEArp
tpoPo_spwpePEArp_hpiPimp_aParpoPOUnpdp
NPoPorptphp_oPofp_tphpePe_npoPorptphp_cpaPappePe
spoPOUtphp_oPofp_tphpePe_gprpaPAY_cpaPappePe

CURRICULUM VITAE

My mother when she made me
(December 10, 1954) with shyness
My little bottle
tied the bottle to my neck
My little bottle...
of ink

Being a child I scoured woods
I drove the sheep
On the blooming field
The white field
The black sheep
who sees'hem
don't trusts'hem
And I've often slept by spring
I've been laid in thick shadow
I let the sheep feed
Who feeds them
knows them
And I put my right arm under my head
And started to shout
And uncle heard me
And I received answer from a highness
In the circle by correspondence.

.....
.....

I have liked classical music and Kant (*the universal truth, the universal beautiful)* and I've been a fan of Universitatea Craiova.
I had three stopped teeth from the twenty fourth ones of Oltenian.
I've worn no. 41 in shoes and 42 in boots. The poetry has obsessed me already from high school, and therefore I graduated
The Faculty of Informatics (1979).
Favourite Romanian Writers: Urmuz, Tzara, Ionesco, Popesco, And ... and Rotaru and ... and the Great Anonymous
Foreign Writers: Kafka, Joyce, Musil, Broch, Smarandache, Adamov, Genet, Arrabal, Robbe Grilet, N. Sarraute.
TRA-LA-LA. TRA-LA-LA.

THE TYPEWRITER

By Jean Cocteau
From beginning.
The author comma
Is a French point
Strike the comma.
The author without comma
Is a French point.
Farther on.
With caps.
The TypeWriter.
with W capital.
The doer was:
A jealous lady,
In the play of the writer
Cocteau.
alignment.
But in King Stork's country
- the Republic of Three Pipes -
Typewriter,
with small w.
Disturbs the intellectual
Sleep
Therefore
She is taken finger
Prints
With exactness
Accused of individual
freedom
To the Militia
Sorry. Cancel.
Literary prints.
It's all right. Yes.
I mean it isn't all right.
Because there is no justice.
Another line.
Yes. Yes. Yes.
There is no justice.
The author comma
Is a leader point
Cancel the comma.
The author without comma
Is gone out of his head point.
Head of country continue.
Exactly.
The TypeWriter
and the Typewrite

["Argo", no. 7, Bonn, Germany]

LANDSCAPE WITH DREAMS

Rain's plaits. The mountain of water. The silences on the quiet. The chamber pot of the summer day. Dams were built against the irresistible stream.

The soil soaks twigs. The branch springs buds. It grows sky. It grows coolness. The windows elbow their way. The low-necked shutters.
.....

Living duck on the marsh. Quietness' not singing one. Sun antennas.

The orchestra of sound guided by verse. Through Virginia Woolf's The Waves. It stopped from its permanent rest. From the ear's point of view. Plays without harmony the harmonique.

Your sight gives you pain.

Your non-body is returned in body. Beyond there. How do you live alone in yourself?

You half-open the door. Not arrived to the arriving. Life's sword with rust. Wants to of dye.

You shoot the bolts eyelids. Arrived to not arriving. I am at sky's door now. Mediator between you and self. Beyond the beyond.

The music has rendered you sensitive so much in high school, that you have been obliged to become a poet.
They have vexed you, in transfusions.
Oh, your hand, which hands the love!

Circles or waves all over the place. The fishes fixed an appointment at a high level under sea level.

Sea horses. Medusas with fallen hair and an immaculate moral. On the shore the cave as if has come into the earth. Altruistic stones. Made a lot smaller, over made smaller.

The encyclopaedia of the commonplace things. The objects, in an essential aspect, prove to be inessential. Physics develops metaphysics.

The nature of the natural phenomenon. Nature's nature. The not universal universality. *The musting.*

Dreaming. transcended his condition of a man.
They have offered you a job at Jericho, but you get a transfer in Adam's bosom.
Take care you won't sleep too much that you rot!!!

You've wandered all over the roads, now you try to collect yourself (from roads) - Take care you don't get left on the roads! Excepting you, all are inside;

they dialogize in monologues.

You expect your unexpected fate. It stands to reason, you're out of reason. Don't you know how to differentiate the approaching?

Announcements through verses. Poetry's death?
You, dumb writer
You, deaf composer
You, blind painter
The word has pre-existed matter!

THE HEROIC DAY OF AN ORDINARY MAN

Buzz...Buz....Buz... Morning. Coolness. Flat no. 19.
Block H 36. Clock. Awaking.
WC lid. Draw the water.
Bathroom. Mirror. Wash bowl.
Blade. “Astra Superior. Stainless Steel. Made in Czechoslovakia”.
Dressing case. The barber from Seville.
Phuuue..Phuuue...Phuuuee...
“CALIN, shaving cream without brush.
Instructions: 1. Wash the face with water and soap until you have a moist skin. 2. Shake the bottle before use, keeping it in a vertical position to facilitate the foam coming out and spreading onto the face.

Yes No
Do not puncture, and keep away from flame.
Content 180+9g
Price 19.20 Lei
Phuue...Phuuueee...Phuuueee...
Blade. Little stream. Blood. Blade. Alcohol. It’s O.K.
Hairs. Moustache. Blade. Foam. Red. Little stream. Blood.
“B.Bob.3050 Aftershave Spray.
The product contains bactericidal substances, eliminates the sensation of irritation, closes the pores and tones the epidermis. Shake well and spray the foam on the palm and massage softly into the face. Do not puncture or incinerate when empty.
Contains 180g + 5% price 24.50 Lei.
Guarantee term: 12 months.
Le produit, aux substances bactéricides, élimine la sensation d’irritation, ferme les pores et tonifie l’épiderme.
Bien agiter la bombe avant l’emploi. Appliquer la mousse obtenue sur le visage et masser doucement. Ne pas percer ou jetter la bombe au feu même vide.

charm

Washing. Brush. Teeth. “Optima. Bananas and pineapple flavoured. N.I.I. 6570-78 approx. 90 g. Lei 6. NIVEA”.
Hands. Face. Nose. Neck. Ears. Soap. Towel.
Underarms. “Adam” spray.
Comb. Hair. Black. Parting.
Phuue...Phuuuee....Phuuueee...
Bad. Sheet. Stretched. Blanket. Pillow.
An open window. To sky. Net. Mosquitoes.
Pyjamas. Balcony. Air. Deep breathe.
Dressing.
Drawers. Sockets. Textile mill Arad. Trousers. Brown. Undershirt. Hollows. Shirt. Poplin. Blue. Striped.
Tie. Shoes. Buffered. No. 42 (Polish them quickly)

Coat. Check. Gentleman Costal. Very well.
Break. Fast.
Saucers. Covers. Cups. China. Tea. Mint. Hot. Vapours. Bread. Margarine.
“Diet”. Jam. Hungry. Plums. Lemons? Sugar. Pieces.
Plasch...Plasch...Plasch...
(Take care not to swallow the wrong way!)
Ah! Radio “It’s 6 o’clock”.
Portfolio. Bag. Wide. Brims. Hat. Man’s Umbrella.
Door. Key. Lock. Hall. 4th floor. Red. Light. Elevator. Be aware of your head!)
May, God, on earth
A foamy rain,
Rivers grow
Streams flow,
The waters rise
My hero stops.
The sidewalks are flooded.
(More haste. Less speed!) Steps. In. mist. Traffic light. Puppet. Show. Bookshop. Ice box. “Lei 3 the ice-cream”. Al. I. Cuza street.
Meeting. Good morning! Good morning.
Steps. Uncertainty. Old mother. Stick. Sliding. Spectacles breaking.
No. Sight...Haste. Delay. Job...
Rolling up. Trousers. Flattening. Hat. Coat. Check.
Dripping. Water. Shoes. Splash. Splash. Splash. (Go ahead, it doesn’t matter!) Alley. Puddle. Alley. Puddle.
Book’s house “Unirea”. Artesian. Confectioner’s “Flavour”. Entry. Stop. Drawing. The soul. Commanding. Lemonade.
(Not worth a curse!)
Blow, God, a wind,
Blow it on the ground.
The firs despoil
The maples bow
The mountains overturn.
My hero returns.
Entry. Exit. “Unirea’s”. Squalls. Storm. Storm.
Storming like Storm.
Rain. Cats and dogs. Rain Cats and dogs... Hat? Hat?
...Confectioner’s!!
(Now show us your courage!)
Drains. Streams. Noahs’ flood. Storm.
(Don’t. Give. Up!)
Pouring. Torrent. Garbage.
The cooperative. Society. “Builder” Dolj
Subsidiary. First floor. Cap. “How do you do!” “How do you do”
Office. Book of entry...Book of entry...Book of entry...
“It’s 7 o’clock”. Ah!
(to work now, boy!) With the pencil in hand
Intercom. Megaphone. To order. “Aaah”
Boss. Black when Angry. “Aaaah” “Boss Black.

“How are you!” Black Boss.
Building.
Brick laying.
plastering
(Until 3 o’clock
Foundation for them)
Brick laying. Alive.

Brick laying...

SAVU OF LENTZA

He lived 99 years.
He bought plums.
He was a master at Electroputere
He drank wine and marc of grapes brandy.
He felt ill.
He got drunk. He went to bed,
and did not got up again.
He was married three times. With Lenutza.
he had two children. Siamese.
He feed them. His wife's teats.
He wiped their asses. With her hand.
He divorced every year.
He travelled to the Malvine islands. Falkland.
He visited the equator. Heavenly.
He worked as a tinman.
He flew a lot. To and fro.
He vomited even his bowels.
His nose was bleeding. Haemorrhage. Of snouts.
He grew moustaches. That he could shave.
He ate nuts. Of coco.
He swam in the Delta. Ivan Patzaichin.
He broke his head. Anyhow.
He caught frogs in wells.
He saw Sergiu Nicolaescu's movies.
He became friends with all enemies. Of class.
He bothered the chief accountant Condorcet.
He knew the theorem of Ptolemeus II.
He learned to read. In palm. The Near Future.
He got tired.
He crouched in the cold
He was warm. At heart.
He fretted.
He regretted.
He regretted nothing.
He washed. The vat. The body linen. With "Perlan"
He ran for his life.
He didn't run fast.
He danced. Hora in the village. He put in the Pronosport.
He fell in love.
He didn't fall in love. Always with the same woman.
He was born.
He spent his childhood.
He spent his teens.
He begged the Official. Of administrative problems.
He wept. He rejoiced. At other's trouble.

He repented.
He swore. Of mother. Of mother-in-law and three daughters-in-law.
He washed his hands. With shampoo.
He watched the TV White. Black. “Dallas” movie
He walked. Backwards.
He could hear.
He could see.
He smelled. The trouble.
He tasted. Anger’s fruits.
He touched. His sister-in-law’s hips.
He smoked. The peace pipe.
He became a great man. Two meters. High. As well as the poet Niculae Stoian.
He hated.
He worked as little as he could.
He tried.
He got rest in holiday at the seaside. He wanted.
He loved life. In the country. By Duiliu Zamfirescu.
He coughed.
He spat on the parquet.
He whistled in church.
The little owl sang on his house.
He was cursed since he was little. Child.
He gaped about. Show windows.
The bandits stuffed his mouth. With money.
He was still. As a mouse.
He chased away.
He talked. Nonsense. He talked. Alone. Solo-voce.
He didn’t quarrel. With a neighbour.
He gave all. No peace.
He had two legs. Crippled.
He had five fingers on his hands.
He wore breeches. With a waistband.
He hung himself. By the tongue.
He broke the glass. Filled.
He turned upside down. His brother’s fur coats.
He couldn’t cut his way in life.
He cut his way in life.
He lived. Savu of Lentza. 99 years.

GALLANT AFFAIRS

Berila. Back. Train. Station. Balsh. Flat.
Found. Wife. With Another one.
Berila. Beaten. Maricela. Wept. Children Two.
Maricela. Fled. Slip. Stairs. Drying room. Barefoot.
Start. Berila. Pushed. Another. Knife.
Another. Fled. Balcony. Lawn. Thorns. Bottom.
Lost. The start.
First floor. Berila. Plate. Thrown. Bowl.
Maricela. Aside. Another. Aside.
Berila. Foams. Mouth.
Maricela. Thrills. Love.
Another. Drawers.
Berila. Maricela. Another. Athleticism.
Race. Obstacle.
Maricela. Trembles. Bra. Less.
Another. Drawers. Whitened.
Berila. Ax. Berila. Hatchet. Berila. Berila.
Neighbours. Listen. Neighbours. Call. Militia. Tim. Tam. Tim Tam. Tim Tam.
Berila. Ax. Hatchet.
Another. Pissed. Drawers.
Maricela. Pissed. Slip.
Berila. Followed. Sidewalk. Block. Road. Superstore.
Maricela. Cross. Superstore. Stall. Champion. Cross.
Berila. Ax. Hatchet. Forward. Ax. Hatchet.
Maricela. Slip. Spotted. En. Grade.
Another. Drawers. Shitted. En. Grade.
Militia. Tim. Tam. Militia. Tim. Tam.
Berila. Hurried. Duel.
Maricela. Hurried. Fled.
Another. Hurried. Packed. Bravely. Off.
Maricela. Slip. Split. Stairs.
Another. Drawers. Broken. Wire. Lawns. Street.
Maricela. Lost. Slip.
Another. Lost Drawers. “Finder. Rewarded.”.
Berila. Found. Slip. Berila. Found. Drawers.
Militia. Tim. Tam. Militia. Tim. Tam.
Sergeant. Boots. Cap. Belt. Gun.
Sergeant. Berila. Maricela. Another. Marathon. 5000. Meters.
Another. Run. Fear. Bones. Tear. Along.
Maricela. Run. Grip. Death. Maricela. Made. Love.
Maricela. Now. Without. Love
Berila. Hatchet. Thrown. Sparks.
Sergeant. Runs. Neck. Nothing
Night. Moon. Stars. Adultery.

Night. Moon. Stars. Adultery.
Pac. Pac. Pac. Bullets. Pac. Pac. Pac.
Runners. Reached. Bridge. Oltetz.
Run. Quickly. 100. Meters.
Asphalt. Hot. Companies. Shop. Cracknels.
Tim. Tam. 08.08.08. Firemen. Tim. Tam. Tim. Tam.
Storms. Headphones. Jets. Splash...Splash....
Berila. Dripping. Wet.
Another. Wet. Skin. Without. Trousers.
Maricela. Wet. Skin. Dress. Hasn't.
Major. Sergeant. Finished. Platoon.
Natives. Assist. Edge. Road. Finishing. Line.
Sport. Competition. Near. Finish.
Runners. Run. Quickly. Last. Meters.
Berila. Caught. Maricela.
Sergeant. Caught. Berila.
Another. Guilty.
Finish....Finish... Finish...
Good. Night. Dear. Spectators.

Good! Night!

LITTLE LOVE STORY

Ion loves Maria
Maria loves Victor
Victor loves Neta
Neta loves Ion
[Why wouldn't they love one another
reciprocally?
But then the story
wouldn't be attractive.
The plot, my dears!]
Ion loves Maria who loves Victor
(Ah, what misfortune!)
Who loves Neta who loves Ion
(Ah, what misfortune!)
Who loves Maria
(Ah, what mis...)
Who loves
(Ah...)
[Let's put their love
in another order.
Puppets they are]
Ion loves Neta
Neta loves Victor
Victor loves Maria
Maria loves Ion
The tables are turned!
And then, what should we care
For others?
Let's mind our own business.
But the action? *The action*, sirs!]
Ion loves Neta who loves Victor
(For what reasons?)
Who loves Maria who loves Ion
(What for?)
Who loves Neta
(Where, when and how?)
Who loves
(Why?)
(Let's swell the story a bit,
Let's stretch it into a novel.
We pass to stylistic analysis.
The suspense keeps you awake,
Reader,
As much you'd booze!
But, to cut it short-
penury of paper and readers:]

Ion loves Maria who loves Ion
(What banality!)
Victor loves Neta who loves Victor
(Boring.
No adultery takes place
No murder.
This is a very bad write.)
They marry and two weddings take place
On the same day, in the same hall.
For lack of guests.
(In the end the narrator adds:
“The End”
To gain one more
Line
And one more coin.
For nothing.]

DIVORCE

Minodora knows Sebastian
Sebastian knows Minodora
Minodora + Sebastian = little George.
Little George sucks at his mother's teat.
Little George sucks at his mother's teat.
Until 18 years old
Little George does foolish things
Little George does only foolish things
Sebastian prepares an escapade
To Pausha chalet.
Minodora prepares an escapade
Sebastian puts out the fire
On the journey cocker.
Minodora puts him
On fire.
Minodora + Costica = Little Dan
(He is raised by Sebastian!)
Little George has a partner for play.
And scuffling.
Little George doesn't cry
Little Dan cries
Don't cry anymore!
Sebastian divorces.
Minodora doesn't divorce.
Sebastian's wife is a performing
Athlete.
Sebastian's wife runs quickly
With Costica
Into the wide world.
Sebastian is left alone
With Sebastian.
Minodora with Minodora
Sebastian wails
With whom am I going to quarrel from now on?
Who is going to pester me again?
Who is going to fly at me again?
Minodora wails
Ah!
Who is going to take me again?
By the hair.
Who is going to cross my threshold again?
Drunk.
Who is going to come around me again?
to throw me out the house.
Ah

who is going to pull me again?
by my hair
or by my tongue.
Sebastian takes care of little George
Sebastian takes care
of George.
Little George takes care of Sebastian
Minodora takes care of little Dan
Minodora
Takes care of little Dan.
Little Dan takes care of Minodora
Minodora Minodora
Sebastian Sebastian
Who else is going to kick up
A row?

UNCLE GHEORGHE'S AMAZING DEEDS

Uncle Gheorghe is stout
Uncle Gheorghe is brave
Uncle Gheorghe is resourceful
Uncle Gheorghe is this
That and the other
Uncle Gheorghe loves aunt Veta
Aunt Veta is loved by uncle Gheorghe too
Aunt Veta got lost in the jungle
Of a restaurant
Uncle Gheorghe comes to her aid.
Aunt Veta is angry
About a glass of brandy.
Uncle Gheorghe defeats
A mug of beer.
Aunt Veta struggles with might and main
With a wicker bottle.
Wine, my sweet wine.
Ram di ri di ram ri di ra!
Uncle Gheorghe rides the stallion
Of butt.
He steps on it.
(Hold tight, don't give up
You too, you too!)
Uncle Gheorghe suffers and sighs
Near the tap.
Aunt Veta frets herself heroically
Between two three hostile
Brandies
Aunt Veta gives up.
Before finishing. Knock-out.
Uncle Gheorghe takes advantages.
The lovers marry each other
On St. Tib's Eve
Little Lulu is born
A Sunday child.
With much enthusiasm and storm
Uncle Gheorghe faces
A kite.
Uncle Gheorghe cut with his sword the neck
Of a champagne bottle.
(Booze until dawn.
Cluck cluck cluck...)
Uncle Gheorghe pierces
with his glances
a snake

of girl
Uncle Gheorghe up
Uncle Gheorghe down
Uncle Gheorghe won’t give in
Uncle Gheorghe does
Uncle Gheorghe manages
Uncle Gheorghe doesn’t make a break
With the tradition
Uncle Gheorghe kills five beasts
Laid on the same plate.
With one blow.
Uncle Gheorghe defeats an ogre
Of a mayor
With the hoe and the pick mattock.
Aunt Veta? Where’s Aunt Veta?
I’ve missed Aunt Veta
How is Aunt Veta?
Well, thanks.
Little Lulu. And little Lulu? How is he?
With his health
Make a fool of Aunt Veta?
Comme ci, comme ca.
And Uncle Gheorghe
so so. Uncle Gheorghe bayonets
The dragon
In Aunt Veta’s eyes in tears
Uncle Gheorghe Wanders through the world
Uncle Gheorghe wanders.
Uncle Gheorghe
Aunt Veta
Uncle Gheorghe comes back
To his tools. Defeated
Uncle Gheorghe to his tools
Cans tins bottles mugs pints
Uncle Gheorghe rings in the threshold
Of family Uncle Gheorghe
Uncle Gheorghe shouts through the intercom
Driven hard by enemies
Uncle Gheorghe beep
But open the gate
The dogs surround me
I have lost my fur cap
And I die with cold
Aunt Veta like a flower at the window
Withered. Moon. Romanticism. Sugary tale.
If you are that man
I am not your mam!
“But you’re my wife, wench!”

And hardly Uncle Gheorghe left
What a sigh. What a struggle...
“But you’re my wife, wench!”
Uncle Gheorghe comes back
And he sounds the horn
His drunkards
From the ditches he calls
The struggle restarts.
Of all liquid emptied
Somersault
The bottles defeated.

GENEALOGY

Cristina lives. Cristina lives in. Cristina lives in Craiova.

Mohamad Ben Ali Ben Hagi Abullabah Sibin Dalbo Sarah lives, on “Bucharest Avenue”, Mohamad Ben Ali Ben Hagi Abullabah Sibin Dalbo Sarah lives at the hostel no. 9, 4th floor, chamber 404, with his friends.

Cristina does not live with Mohamad Ben Ali Ben Hagi Abullabah Sibin Dalbo Sarah’s friends, Cristina does not live on “Bucharest Avenue”, Cristina walks on “Unirea”.

Mohamad Ben Ali Ben Hagi Abullabah Sibin Dalbo Sarah walks on “Unirea”. Mohamad Ben Ali Ben Hagi Abullabah Sibin Dalbo Sarah smokes Kent. Cristina does not smoke Kent. But Cristina has lovely legs. Mohamad Ben Ali Ben Hagi Abullabah Sibin Dalbo Sarah hasn’t lovely legs. Mohamad Ben Ali Ben Hagi Abullabah Sibin Dalbo Sarah hasn’t lovely legs. Cristina looks at Mohamad Ben Ali Ben Hagi Abullabah Sibin Dalbo Sarah. Cristina passes by Mohamad Ben Ali Ben Hagi Abullabah Sibin Dalbo Sarah. Cristina steps into the “Palace” to drink a coffee. Mohamad Ben Ali Ben Hagi Abullabah Sibin Dalbo Sarah steps into the “Palace” to drink a coffee. (Well, now is the moment!). Mohamad Ben Ali Ben Hagi Abullabah Sibin Dalbo Sarah says hello to Cristina. (Come on, courage!) Mohamad Ben Ali Ben Hagi Abullabah Sibin Dalbo Sarah says: *Salamo alecum.*

Cristina hardly answers Mohamad Ben Ali Ben Hagi Abullabah Sibin Dalbo Sarah. (Why did you blush ?)

Cristina says: Servus! Mohamad Ben Ali Ben Hagi Abullabah Sibin Dalbo Sarah does not say. Mohamad Ben Ali Ben Hagi Abullabah Sibin Dalbo Sarah does not say anything. Both took seats at the same table. Cristina has lovely legs. Cristina has lovely eyes.
(See, if you dropped in “Romarta”) With mascara.

Mohamad Ben Ali Ben Hagi Abullabah Sibin Dalbo Sarah has a lot of money. He rolls in dollars. Rings and earrings. The radio plays. (What, it isn’t allowed?) The radio is the third character. The radio plays for itself. The subscription to radio is paid quarterly.

THE RADIO:(In a whisper) I’ve put on your finger a riiing
For our Engagement
About which youuu and Iiiii
Will remind for eveeeeer.
That we are bound through it.

Cristina dreams (of the ring). Cristina dreams of a ring on the finger of her left hand. Cristina dreams. Cristina dreams no more.

Cristina looks at her growing belly.

Mohamad Ben Ali Ben Hagi Abullabah Sibin Dalbo Sarah looks at Cristina’s belly. The waiter looks at Cristina’s belly. Cristina’s belly swells. Swells. Swells. So, it swells three times, four times, nine months. The table companions looks how Cristina’s belly swells. The table companions drink “Tomis” brandy. The table companions smoke “Carpatzi” without filters.

The table companions do not smoke. The table companions smoke neither “Marlboro”, nor cigarettes with menthol. The table companions talk. (Oh, gossip of people!)

The parents do not know why Cristina’s belly grows. (Poor girl, she might be sick”...)

The parents are ignorant. The parents do not have to know. Cristina is growing big (bellied). Cristina cries. (You can’t do anything, now it’s too late!)

Mohamad Ben Ali Ben Hagi Abullabah Sibin Dalbo Sarah is father. (Well done, congratulations!)

His son is named Gheorghe. In consequence Gheorghe is named Gheorghe Mohamad Ben Ali Ben Hagi Abullabah Sibin Dalbo Sarah.

Gheorghe Mohamad Ben Ali Ben Hagi Abullabah Sibin Dalbo Sarah is Romanian.

All Romanians are named Gheoghe. Gheorghe Mohamad Ben Ali Ben Hagi Abullabah Sibin Dalbo Sarah is the only coloured Romanian (very black coloured). (What a unique man!)

Gheorghe Mohamad Ben Ali Ben Hagi Abullabah Sibin Dalbo Sarah is to marry, (you've cheated her) Cristina. Cristina is not Cristina, she is another girl. All the girls are called Cristina. Cristina gives birth to Grigore. Grigore is called Grigore Ben Gheorghe Ben Mohamad Ben Ali Ben Hagi Abullabah Sibin Dalbo Sarah.

Grigore Ben Gheorghe Ben Mohamad Ben etc. etc. etc. etc. etc.

AT THE SWIMMING PLACE <1st MAY>

One two three four
Gelu Barbu Gica Gina
One two
Three Four
Gelu Barbu
Gica Gina
Gelu has a bath
Barbu has
two baths
in the waters of the same river.
Gica does corns on sole
Gina does
The boys
For.
Gelu jumps
From the jumping board
In the swimming pool.
Barbu jumps
of stew he eats.
Barbu throws salt
into his colleagues' eyes.
Gica falls on the
Front of the
Cooking stove.
Gina falls on
the neck of
the first man who comes along.
Whore.
Gelu gets drowned
in the swimming pool.
Barbu gets drowned
in refined
alcohol of 35 degrees.
Celsius.
Out of anger.
Mercury column.
Commerce's god.
Gica gets drowned
For the last time.
Gina gets drowned
Without bathing,
into love.
One two three four
Gelu Barbu Gica Gina
Do gymnastics.
Sleeping.
On the beach of sand.

CHARACTERIZE THE CHARACTER <VITORIA LIPAN> IN THE NOVEL "THE HATCHET"

Vitoria Lipan is brown-hared
Vitoria Lipan is named Vitoria Lipan
(Sadoveanu made a mistake; he had to call her Victoria)
Vitoria Lipan wears shoes no. 36
Vitoria Lipan is short
Vitoria Lipan is 1.65 high
Vitoria Lipan is tall
With heels.
Vitoria Lipan is fair-haired
Without heels.
What concerns her courage?
What should I tell you?
Vitoria Lipan is 42 at the waist
Vitoria Lipan buys super-elastic stockings
And garters.
(How old-fashioned!)
Vitoria Lipan is made up stridently
Vitoria Lipan wears low-necked dresses
And underskirts
(I shouldn't overlook: she has bikinis too-
That you don't accuse her
Of indecency!)
[It has not been said, but that's a matter of course]
Vitoria Lipan grazes the sheep.
Black ones on the white field.
Vitoria Lipan sells good cheese
In a dog skin.
Vitoria Lipan is a law student
In consequence Vitoria Lipan is not brown-haired.
Vitoria Lipan is a law student.
Vitoria Lipan is a virgin.
Into ears.
Vitoria Lipan was a virgin
21 years ago.
Vitoria Lipan is distributed.
In a marvellous realm
A threshold of Paradise.
Vitoria remains with a leg
In mud. To the bottom.
Kindly send by a colleague.
Vitoria Lipan remains open
Mouthed.
Vitoria Lipan finishes the faculty

Vitoria Lipan finishes with the faculty
Vitoria Lipan goes cheerfully to the job
(Run, the country needs you!)
Vitoria Lipan goes cheerfully to the job
To send in her resignation.
Vitoria Lipan runs; she's called by the country
Of Wales.
Vitoria Lipan runs for her life.
With Nechifor Lipan. (The fate,
Little girl!). She receives 8000 lei
School fees.
Vitoria Lipan is happy.
That they haven't fined her much.
Vitoria Lipan saves
Man's dishonour.
Vitoria Lipan is pregnant
Vitoria Lipan lives well
Only from recollections.
Vitoria Lipan is charged with a penal offence
Jurist in a village in mountains
Vitoria Lipan is pregnant
Little Gheorghe is born
Nechifor dies.
Pains rise
Sufferings rise
Hopes die
Ideals die
Vitoria Lipan savant of international reputation
In her village.
Vitoria Lipan asks for the transfer in front of the Minis-
Tery
Little Gheorghe runs to her aid
But open the gate
The dogs are everywhere
I have lost my fur cap
And I trembled with cold.
Bogza guards a woman's anxiety
Cutzui guards a woman's anxiety
Little Gheorghe doesn't guard the anxiety
His club and arrow
Bring fright and sorrow
(Bozga and Cutzui, Turks, sir,
Turks!!)
Vitoria Lipan with the sword in her hand
Defeats
The Turks
Vitoria Lipan
And Vitoria Lipan

Vitoria
Lipan

[Exam for failing university enrolment
by candidate Gogu Pintenogu]

R R S

Rica Radu Stoenescu, abridged RRS, works as a traffic controller. Every morning RRS goes to work by bus 84. He carries his bag of tools- RRS. Indifferent of what the management orders him to do, the railway worker Rica Radu Stoenescu, also called RRS, hastens to his duty. By ass upwards.

When he is delegated to Pascani, RRS travels by Tarom. And the daily fee is that one of thirty years ago: 18 lei per day.

- Well, but how is that possible, comrade, to shift the coach by the plane?

RRS works pretty well, for instance: if it snows abundantly RRS doesn't work anymore, because they stay: the means of railway locomotion gets stuck. If it rains, RRS takes an umbrella. When side-slips take place, the Romanian Railway Station clears the lines.

RRS's wife works in the public service. For nothing. Standing. Or in a queue. It depends. The opinions are shared.

RRS has a direct boss. Who fucks his wife. Indirectly. (When the boss fucks your wife you have to ... shut your mouth, otherwise you lose your bread!)

RRS has a boss, directly in the Ministry of Transport. The comrade Gica-Of the Sow, superior, fucks the comrade Rica Radu Stoenescu in the ears, with piercing sounds. The professional incompetence of the workman RRS is decided, through an internal note. RRS throws out RRS, because of a disturbing similarity of names. Abridged.

Since then, the legend says, RRS remained without RRS.

Ceaseless delays, agglomerations, queues at the ticket offices in front of the stations, trains on stubble, express trains running like slow trains and fast trains rattling like freight trains...

Since then, the legend says,

RRS= Ramshackle Running Stuff!

CUPBOARD-WHICH-CAN-HOLD-MANY-PEOPLE-AND-RUNS-ALONE-ON-RAILWAYS

The International Congress of Romanic Linguistics, from July 1971, located in Bucharest, debated upon the issue of neologisms. A passionate disputed controversy was pointed out against the alteration of genuine language.

-Why should we introduce strange words to our people? raised the voice, in the plenum, of the world renown linguist Milksop Vasilescu, a specialist in the etymology of the word “hole” which he had studied for 20 years , obtaining some spectacular results in his research work. How can one understand the Romanian peasant who hoes, resumed the eminent professor, for instance, the notion “tramway” borrowed from Frenchmen and Englishmen? Knows the peasant what “tram” and “way” mean in English and how these particles merged?

In the first rows, the teacher of Romanian Language and Literature, Doughnut Margaret, had swollen in wen with enthusiasm.

-Look for what reason, dear auditor, I recommend in the place of these neologisms, remote to our soul, autochthonous syntax, true-born Romanian!... Let’s make the proper changes: so, after ceaseless tests in the lab, it was agreed to replace the word “tramway” with “cupboard-which-can-hold-many-people-and-can-run-alone-on-railways”.Pure and simple!

(Rumours in the hall. Applause from the left, laughter from the right.]

-Yes, yes! Now any churl will be able to understand that object and its function, because even its denomination tells it plainly... cupboard-which-....etc.. That’s normal, isn’t that?

[Shouts in the hall. trying to utter, the auditors flounder or forget some of the terms of definition...]

In order to put in the light the decisions of the Congress of Linguistics, the teacher of Romanian Language and Literature, Doughnut Margaret, at the General School no. 44, in the capital, proposes to the pupils in the 7th class the following subject, for the closing work-paper on the third term:

“Write a composition having as subject the use of the concept “cupboard-which-can-hold-many-people-and-runs-alone-on-railways”.

The thesis of pioneer Ablegoaiei [Sillyson] Marin:

Our town is very fine, and through it run cupboards- which-can-hold-many-people-and-runs-alone-on-railways. We have at home too a cupboard in which we keep pencils, nibs and notebooks but this cupboard doesn’t run alone but is only pushed by my little brother to recover from beside the wall his toys and nobody can get into the cupboard because there’s no space. I have tried once and I got a bump on the head when I left in the morning. To school I got up the (tramway) cupboard- which-can-hold-many-people-and-runs-alone-on-railways no. 13 but it didn’t run at all because the electric current was stopped for economy and nobody entered that cupboard-which-can-hold-many-people-and-runs-alone-on-railways, and it stopped for one hour, and when it started off the cupboard- which-can-hold-many-people-and-runs-alone-on-railways ran off the rails in Balta Alba and didn’t run alone on railways but on the pavement beside the rails. until it stopped against a stake. Then I got down through a window and I was late for the class of composition about the cupboard- which-can-hold-many-people-and-runs-alone-on-railways and my mother told me that my little brother turned upside-down the cupboard at home and it fell him on his leg.

P,S, (Comrade Doughnut, wouldn’t it be better that we don’t make a mess of things with cupboards and the cupboard from home in which my little brother plays, which we name tramway?

SHAKESPEARE ALEXANDRU
AND BEETHOVEN NICOLAE

They had met in a ninth class
hotel. They lived three days and three nights there,
until the judiciary case was elucidated.
The commissary Maigret Constantinescu inquired
into the circumstances of crime. In room 909
on the 9th floor, a body had been discovered near two false
coins of 5 lei each.
The suspicions hung over the two communal delegates:
Shakespeare Alexandru called Sandel and
Beethoven Nicolae, called Nicusor.
Shakespeare, a peasant from the Dry Wood,
was illiterate; he couldn't even write "Romeo
and Juliet" or other drama or sonnets. He signed with
his finger.
As for Beethoven, completely illiterate;
he worked for the collective farm's forge
from Cacaletzs. Because of the noise made by the bellows
which stirred up the fire and of the hammer on anvil, with which
he bent the redden iron bars, he couldn't
catch the tonality of sounds. For him, any Rhapsody, even Popular,
would seem monotonous, without mentioning the
Symphonies played on the radio, the 5th and the 9th,
which he detested, like any other villager,
because he didn't understand them. For instance,
Beethoven Nicolae couldn't distinguish between weeping
and laughter, and sometimes he found himself at burials
laughing with full voice, to stupefaction of the defunct!
The commissary Maigret Constantinescu hadn't made clear
how Shakespeare, who couldn't write, had been able to decipher
the ticket of his victim. Then, if Beethoven hadn't an ear for elementary melodic lines and
measures, how could he realize that his victim groaned? Agreed Maigret Constantinescu,
to check them up. Accused of murder, they were separately introduced in the accused
box.
The lawyer took the diapason in hand and hit it against the wall:
-Laaa!... Tell me, comrade Beethoven, what sound is that?
-Laaa...
Then:
-Comrade Shakespeare, I am to draw an aaa...
on the blackboard with a piece of chalk. And you'll tell
me what letter represents that?
-Aaa...
-Look, honourable instance, at what our peoples know.
But the president of the court arose in his black robe, like a
militant-priest, and concluded:

-Comrade lawyer, the accused whom you defend,
wants to cheat us. Comrade Shakespeare answered in the place of Comrade Beethoven and vice versa.
-Then, thought the lawyer grudgingly, interrogate them you, Comrade president.
The Court retreated for deliberation.
The Commissary Maigret Constantinescu had found a hint regarding the guiltiness of Shakespeare Alexandru as an enemy of the people,
and of Beethoven Nicolae a traitor of the country.
In consequence, he pierced Shakespeare with a sharp stake
and he hang his skull in the assembly room of the overcrowded theatres
and he scalped Beethoven and with his skin he upholstered the walls
of the rooms for symphonic concerts.
-Comrade Shakespeare had to be firstly taught to read and write. And comrade Beethoven treated by a doctor of ears, and only after that be punished with death.
That they won't be able to cheat other time!
But when the commissary Maigret entered room 909,
noticed that the victim had run away, he decided that this should be harshly punished for leaving the place of offence. At the same time, the two false coins of five lei disappeared too. You could have bought a match with them, made of Braila, which doesn't strike.
On the basis of Commissary Maigret's investigations, the Court deliberated over the final sentence:
-rehabilitation post-mortem of comrades Shakespeare Alexandru and Beethoven Nicolae, declaring the citizens of honour in their communes (The president of the court apologizing in public for complicity in their murder);
-as about the victim, which had deceased in the while at the Popular school for Art, was convicted to death through strangling.
So was solved, in a simple and definitive manner, democratic and worthy of our socialist capitalism and revolutionary humanism, the dispute among all the accused in the process.

Clerk of the court: Florentin Smarandache
January 13, 1988

THE MINISTER OF THE ALCOHOLIC DRINKS
THE NATIONAL SCHOOL OF BOOZE

DIPLOMA

We, the examining board around the Branch “Farewell mamma”, in conformity with the instructions in force and the social provisions of Law no. 261 in the Drunkards Code.

We instituted an inquiry regarding the named Iksulescu Nicolas, born in a pub, son of Misses Inn and Mister Thickwine, of Frothy nationality, Marc citizenship, Drunk religion, studies- 4 class. Taphouse, 4 class. Refreshment room, plus 4 class. Restaurant.

The present act certifies that the mentioned one attended the National School of Booze in Ditchtown, Mud municipality, Push district, Under Hedge region

The above-named graduated from that school with the qualification very good, because both at the entrance examination and during the years of study, he presented himself perfectly intoxicated.

On the basis of the above-mentioned things, he was delivered the present Diploma, to serve him in case of need and permitting him to enter any local and to consume any kind of alcoholic drinks.

At the same time, through this diploma, he has the right assured for walking on all FOURS and in case of need CRAWLING, so as to be licked by dogs of proper stature.

PRESIDENT,	DIRECTOR,	SECRETARY,
COSTICA PINT	NICU BUTT	Vasile Mug

AHMED OR HOUSSINE OR HASSANE

Palms. Orange trees.
Ahmed lies on the beach. Haussine
lies on the beach. Hassane comes
onto the beach too, with a sheet.
The sand is cold. The wind
blows. The sea makes foam
at its mouth. Ici Radio
Mediterranean Interna-
tionale...
Ahmed or Haussine or
Hassane (I can’t see well)
goes to the bar after cigarettes.
Left on the beach, Houssine and
Hassane or Hassane and Ahmed
or Ahmed and Houssine
play chess. Chess was
invented by Persians. Ahmed or
Haussine or Houssine is Moroccan.
The other two are Algerians.
Ahmed or Houssine or Hassane comes
back from the bar with
some cigarettes with Arabian inscriptions.
He sits down on the towel.
Fatima and Naima pass by
the boys. Fatima or
Naima smiles. Ahmed and Houssine
and Hassane answer:
Well-Well-Well!...
Naima or Fatima laughs.
Naima or Fatima moves her hips
provocatively.
Ahmed and Houssine and
Hassane exclaim
Well-Well-Well!...
Fatima or Naima goes into the water
Up to her knees. The water is cold.
There are medusas in the water. The medusas are
white.
Ahmed and Houssine or Houssine
and Hassane or Hassane and Ah-
med go into the water too, to their waists.
The water is cold. There are medusas in water.
The medusas are
Ahmed or Houssine or Hassane who

touches with his hand Fatima or Naima.
Fatima or Naima plays the scared girl.
On the beach Ahmed or Houssine or
Hassane reads *Matin du Sahara*
and *Almagreb*. From the water Houssine and
Hassane or Hassane and Ahmed or
Ahmed and Houssine both shout
to him. Noise. Waves. Sun. So
Ahmed or Houssine or Hassane
can't hear. The other two catch
the girls by the hands. Fatima and Naima don't want it
but sooner give themselves up.
Clinks of laughter. wide teeth
can be seen.
The black giddy hair.
The fig-coloured skin.
Houssine and Hassane or Hassane
and Ahmed or Ahmed and Houssine
run after them. What thinks Fatima
or Naima? If I run they'll say I am silly,
if I stay they'll say I am a whore; better
I stumble! Fatima or Naima stumbles.
Naima or Fatima falls down too.
The boys catch them and fall down too,
over them. Crushing the girls.
Stretched on the towel, Ahmed or
Houssine or Hassane sleeps on sand
for three persons.
Fatima with Houssine or with Hassane
or with Ahmed, and Naima with Hassane or
with Ahmed or with Houssine make love
in the sea. Love is beautiful. Love is beautiful
but ends badly.
[Let's wish them good-suck or -luck!]

Morocco, Tétouan, 1983

THE FAIR OF SAINT ELI

Otetelish. On Oltetz's valley. Meadow. Shadow. Torrent of people.

Merry-go-round. The fair of St. Eli takes place on August 23. Torrid warm. Cars. The odd numbers don't run.

Down the valley Militia checks-up. Marin Dumitrascu. Fines. Confiscation of driving licenses.

Whistles. Crackers. Children with straw helmets. Coloured. Red ones. Yellow ones. Peasant women. Peasants.

"Come to the fair!

"I'm coming.

We go down the slope. Dust. Sun. Sweat.

"Pop corn

"Pop corn

Smell of burnt.

Pots. Pans. Cast-iron kettles. Gypsies. From other districts...

"Take American peanuts... American peanuts...

Public stores. Private stalls. Kerchiefs. Pullovers.

Fur caps. In the middle of the summer? Sheepskins.

Hokey pokey. One penny one. Rosy one. Much ice. Less cream. The Sanitary Inspectorate takes its share. Otherwise pours gas.

Carmina plays in the cupboard. 5 lei per game.

Two men whirl with both hands.

The swings squeak.

The collectivists don't receive their allowance anymore. This Year. It was draught and the crop didn't grow. Uncle Mandache had 141 lei per month.

Carmina rides the merry-go-round. I don't know how much it is. She smiles. Carmina is 8 years old. Uncle Marinica is 55.

Ice-cream again. Nougats. Juices. Sweet dolls. Drugs of burnt sugar.

"Grandma, take me sweet doll". The children suckle nougats and cockerels.

Merry-go-round with motor and music. 5 lei too.

"Dear girl, dear girl where had you been last night (bis)

"Tickle her, tickle her don't give up (bis)

"Outside in the garden

"Dear girl, dear girl with whom have you been (bis)

"Tickle her, tickle her, and don't give up.

"With the chief post.

Stalls with trifles for children. Spectacles, rings, of tin. Clock, of plastic. Which always show the same hour. Sirens. Wallets, with photos; Maria Ciobanu, Balaci, Alain Delon, J.R., Pamela. Playing cards with naive drawings. Glass pearls.

"Let the parrot guess for you... Draw from here a note...

Restaurant. Improvised. <No bear>. Tzuica. Public wine. I prefer vine. People laid down on the green grass under alders. The latrine in the field of maize. Hats on head. Thorns in beard. . "Let's raise the glasses again... when we'll feel worse, like now should we feel...hey, bring me another mug..."

Dear girl, dear girl and what's he done t'you (bis)

Tickle her, tickle her, and don't give up,

He’s beaten me, mam.
Tickle her, tickle her, and don’t give up.
“Dear girl, dear girl and how he laid you (bis)
“Tickle her, tickle her, and don’t give up.
“On my back.

We go towards the Oltetz. I and Carmina separate from the group. Carmina wants ice-cream. Carmina is very fat.

Another improvised restaurant. A big truck full with “Bucegi” beer from Craiova. Queue. Militia buys first. I buy ten bottles on bail. How good is the beer!...Bibi has not drunk for a long time. Utzu would like it, but he plays the fool...I don’t drink, upon my word... height, shut your mouth”...Coolness. Trees. People. A man behind every tree. Pissing. That’s the fair! The fair lasted three days and two nights.

“Dear girl, dear girl and what did you tell him (bis)
“Tickle her, tickle her, and don’t give up.
“I couldn’t stop myself laughing.

Florentyne circus:

S.G. The Great. Telepathy.
The woman, cut with the saw in two pieces.

A man speaks without stopping to not understand anything.

He’s rather black.

An actress in slip and bra. With the skin wrinkled of dust. And hair under arms. And sweaty around some places.

Monkeys. Juggling. Snakes. Thick as a tree. It coils around the trainer’s naked body. The trainer beams

with joy. She’s rather old for love. The dragons stretch their heads to the on-lookers. The people utter a oooohhh. Those from the first rows step aside. And don’t come back again.

Father-Lecu makes signs to me. Two snakes come out of a trunk. Ten metres long. Like in Oltenian tales. With split tongues. An old mother makes a cross. “Uuuuhh, mother! Why have I looked at this....Uuuhh...”

Boros and me had in mind to steal a Boa-snake, at night, and eat it on the sly. After all, there is an absence of meat.

UNCLE FARUK THE DUFFER

There was an uncle Faruk once
Who worked as much as twice
Whose wife was warm like ice
And gave him water and rice.

When: in a bad-luck hour,
Uncle Faruk, tongued and eager
Went to chop wood downward
With an ebony axe of war.

And he’s taken through wood,
To not be watched in the neighbourhood,
With a bottle of wine and some food
Striking a couple of geese in full.

But hard he chopped a harsh snag,
A dog with a tail red,
Bit him on the leg
And ran Uncle Faruk back...

Back home he went out of sort
With his wine drunk by a dog.
His wife breathing rage
Made him a big smoke.
Uncle Faruk
Eager,
Tongued
And topsy-turvy,
With wine
In full
Harsh.
In cold.
Out of sort
With a dog.

UNCLE FARUK AND THE BUTTONS

(radio film by Liviu Rebreanu and Fărîmiță Lambru)

Once upon a time like in tales there was an Uncle Faruk. And he had a radio set. And Uncle Faruk gave up his set into the hands of an Yilmaz to mend it. And Yilmaz mended it so well that he left it without buttons.

- Uncle Faruk, take back your old stuff!

- Well, but you give it to me without knobs?

They convinced Uncle Faruk that his radio set had had no switches from the factory. But Uncle Faruk asked for the buttons further on.

One day Viorel found a switch in the dustbin. It was a plastic coated one. He packed it nicely and served it on a tray to Uncle Faruk.

Garnished with cellophane.

Uncle Faruk came quickly to our lunch.

-Yilmaz, the buttons, son!

Uncle Faruk was chattering his decayed metallic teeth, with a din. I bit my lips to not burst with laughter. Yilmaz bit his slice of bread to not answer.

-Yilmaz, I'm talking to you!

-Not to me, Uncle Faruk? And I splashed with spittle the chair, roaring with laughter.

Uncle Faruk gave the radio set without buttons

for mending to Sabahhatin (with two h's).

After a few days he took from this Sabahhatin with two h's, only the carcass!

Ablaze with anger, Uncle Faruk came back with the carcass and threw it on the bed of Sabahhatin with two h's.

-What can I do with this empty box?

When he went back again, after he had paid for the manual labour, he couldn't even find the carcass. And in that way Uncle Faruk mended his radio set *definitely*...

And when he had been left without all his radio set, Viorel found the second button, in the dustbin too, and he handed it to the victim to wear it well!

So Uncle Faruk got both buttons. He had to do nothing else but to buy a new radio set to suit the old buttons. He had the bull; he needed only the milk.

...So, once upon a time there was an Uncle Faruk. And there were some buttons too. But after that, they were no more, because they were lost, uncle Faruk and the buttons.

THE SAFETY PIN

Once upon a time there was a safety
pin, there wasn’t, we couldn’t
tell of it. A blunt and rusty and crooked
pin of an emigrant from the East, stored to
a mate plastic box, with a red India-rubber
lid. The safety pin was kept as a spare, very seldom
useable, and only when its master changed the broken
elastic from his sports outfit or drawers. Otherwise,
it got rest at will, although it had risked a few
times suffocation in its plastic bedroom,
hermetically closed.
That safety pin had become uncommon
of uncommon, only its point didn’t
prick anymore in sewing, because it had got dull,
so, he couldn’t get into the essence of things.
Although to the pretty thick head its ears had been enlarged,
and its tympana had been loosened until the steel arch, it was good
but as a gewgaw, exposed in a box, but not even so,
because it had become ugly,
it had grown old for the second time,
and you were sick when it looked at him,
and took pity on its master.
In spite of that, the safety pin laid
haughtily, especially with a little bow around its neck...
But what is the use of presenting such a
tiny useless thing? What is the importance
of a unimportant characterization?
Why should I steal some moments from the reader by
describing to him a commonly known safety pin,
telling him nothing new, when the reader could
lose these moments in another way? (For instance:
sleeping, or opening his mouth to sexy commercials!)
Why shouldn’t I write novels which nobody reads?
[Nobody reads them, nobody criticizes me!]
I have forgotten a few details concerning
the main character of my story,
the safety pin: his supporting rod is noble, right or,
roughly speaking, rectilinear like a penis in
an erect, stiff, state, rigid, inflexible and unbent
state- I think that I am well understood, that’s why
I potter along- a long, prolonged one, and not at all
slanting or steep, abrupt, precipitous, sloped,
arduous, precipice, sloped,
skew, steeped, steeply, precipitously,
steeped, slope-like, sloppy,

blighted one. No. In no case! Or, because I won't
repeat again all that repetition, but cut my words
short, in consequence I will enumerate the adjectives
of the second rod, more sharp, more sting, pinching, pissing,
pinchy, pinchful, pinchous, burning, even piquant.
In one word, the safety pin, like
a negative novel hero, is CROOKED, deformed,
hollow, curved, bent, double-bent, twisted,
turned, distorted, wry, stooping,
inclined, weakened, overthrown, backed, curled, hunch-backed,
round-shouldered, wrenched, hideous, monstrous, disfigured,
repulsive, spoiled, ugly, soiled, wrong, crushed, jogged, I pasted
myself involuntarily, but I add that above its ears, the safety pin has also
some squinting, cross, scowling, skew, squint, awning, wring, ring, ing, ng, g eyes.

NON-PROSE

I see again a notebook of twenty years ago. I was a pupil at that time, just entered high school, without any literary aspirations. I detested literature's provincialism determined by the linguistic barriers and I praised up to the skies mathematics, for its universal, absolute truths, in the sense of Kantian categories. 1+1=2 in all languages and times, I said to everybody around me, proud of my scientific indication, particularly because I was attending a humanistic high school. One day the Romanian teacher, Mrs. Muraretzu, told us about Ibrãileanu and his novel "Adela". I ran to the school's library and I read it, I who used to despise the lectures ("some invention, I was thinking, of some people who waste their time"). It seized and provoked me so much that I couldn't resist and I was proposed to write myself one of the same kind. But the result was entirely different! In fact I was keeping a kind of diary, which turned gradually into a "novel". I used to give the personages names which characterize them (Melan Choly, Talky etc.) I tried to imitate Garabet Ibrãileanu, thinking so that it is right. I don't know why "Adela" so marked my teens! Maybe because at that time I was in love, I wore flaring trousers interdicted by school's regulations and grew loose-flowing hair. The notebook in which I had begun to write with fervour since the autumn of 1969, I continued sporadically for about two years, abandoning it at the same time as I was (semi)disciplinary moved to Rm. Vâlcea. I had such a propensity to independence that I didn't accept any concession, any order, and I sought for revenge against anyone who would have dared to diminish my freedom. My teachers accused me of anarchism. I think that nobody understood me. It was at that age where there were girls in front of me before whom I wanted to keep my dignity. I see again this notebook written on both sides and the awkward text, with erasures, scrawled with stylistic and even grammatical failures, and I propose to myself not to write in that way anymore; dull words, old-fashioned expressions as in a school composition. How courageous I could be to tackle so complex a literary genre as the novel, at 15 years of age! Me who even now is not able to write a novel! I see again this notebook and I propose to myself with obstinacy to not write in that manner anymore, on the contrary, TO DENY EVERYTHING, even if here and there I am forced to oppose myself to the naive thinking of those moments! Here is then the novel-diary transformed as such. The place of action: The Pedagogical High School, Craiova, 76, I.P.Pavlov Str.

Characters: Melan Choly, Talky
Sencer, Prestu, Facey,
Lina, Angela, Ela Ruca, The head mistress,
The class master, the teacher with spectacles,
The lady teacher of Psychology,
The landlady.

Theme: Teenage love

Subject: The schoolboy Melan Choly falls in love with the schoolgirl Ela Ruca.
Love's avatars

Introduction: A couple of times, on his way to school Melan come across Ela. Shy discussions take place. Melan is no more attentive in classes. He dreams of Ela. He carries sentimental discussions with Sencer in the park in the schoolyard. During the holiday he dresses and behaves nonconformist.

Content:(?)

End:(?)

1. First day of school

It isn’t autumn...

The yellow leaves do not cover the ground.

The trees are not empty like some chicken or sparrow just out of the egg, and the fresh air of morning does not bite into nostrils. The wind does not blow from the south. It is not a quiet atmosphere. Only the trample of horses can be heard, as a ever prolonged sound which seems it does not want to catch something up and it does not succeed. The grey sky is not studded with migratory birds. I do not look after them and it does not awake in me any nostalgia for my native village. The loneliness does not press me in this beginning of the school year. So I am not expecting impatiently my friends.

With their suitcases in hand not many high school pupils arrive. Sitting on my green, leather suitcase I am not looking forward; it is not possible that someone will appear; but the time does not pass in vain. In the park in front of the school many people are not gathered. Puzzled, I do not look among them, and I do not ask myself, why wouldn’t they come yet? This thought does not gnaw me. I do not stand up and I do not trample to warm myself. I do not take out of my bag the blue fez and I do not put it on my tousled by wind.

I do not let go of my suitcase to the porter and it’s evident that I do not wait. Not forgetting of pride and all, I do not button up my black pupil’s coat of the suit bought last summer by my mother for my schooling results of that year. I do NOT put on my rust-coloured raincoat and carrying my suitcase I do not go to find my classmates. The cloak does not show seven hour and I have not yet found any friend. My thoughts do not fly far away...far away...

- Melan Choly, a sharp shout similar to a titmouse’s cannot be heard, hello!

- I was not waiting for you, Talky! Talky is not of average height, a small forehead and black eyes like two little peas. There seems to be no resemblance between his physical and psychical development. He is not fifteen and he does not look like a little child, having fun all the time.

- Don’t you know that I’m glad when I do not see you? And he did not continue that he did not talk nicely about me to her mother. Of all my friends you are not the best. During the holiday I did not think that we wouldn’t play another trick, one...

- ...more foolish than other, I didn’t hesitate to not interrupt him, that he didn’t gabble, if he answered like this in classes, he wouldn’t be awarded the first prize, he would just keep the wolf from the door.

Two little girls with fair little queues don’t laugh after they don’t pass by us. Spiteful with those which do not happen, I don’t control my conduct, they might have not laughed for this reason. I don’t observe anything which doesn’t raise a general laugh. Later on I didn’t realize that they had joked on our account. Three boys with... red are not shy and they don’t redden...It’s evident that they are not...rookies(...)

At the entrance in the yard Sencer and Pristea don’t discuss with passion(...)

I am thinking of home, of all that I didn’t leave behind less than one hour after the bus reached Craiova. Beloved beings don’t thread in my mind one after another. It seems that I don’t see my mother: always not busy with the household and job business. Her neighbours do not feel the kindness; the joy that they didn’t bring to the grandson when this was little fruit, Father Alecu who didn’t take me with him on the trips he didn’t go on... Their figures I don’t see more and more vague, then they aren’t superposed and don’t disappear from my mind. I don’t come again to reality as after a sleep. Probably my friend doesn’t even realize that I listen to him. Only after I

shake myself of the cold and the numbness in which I sink. Talky makes a gesture as if he would like to ask me something that didn't happen.

- Nothing...it seemed to me that I didn't see someone! I asked him indifferently.

- You didn't seem at all, he faced me and pointed to Facey speaking with a flapper. Yes, the rogue hasn't broken off this sport!

As long as I haven't known him, always with the girls, I for one. I don't like this kind of people. And moreover, he doesn't even boast! Look out: he doesn't come to me and tells me that he hasn't talked to Lina and Angela and hasn't had a walk with them through town. Be attentive of how he hasn't acted towards them: he didn't send them pay for their film because he hasn't had money, and how Lina is shy, she paid for herself and know he is embarrassed he did not ask them back.

In this time we don't arrive near Sencer and Prestu, by whom had drawn near a group of pupils who weren't assisting in their quarrel. Their discord became so passionate that the two noticed minutely what happened around them.

- Why did you hide my paper case? huffed Sencer, not becoming red with anger.

- You better don't mind your own business says Prestu, not gesturing with the right hand and so inopportune.

- And this doesn't induce you to laugh?

- But what, you'd like me not to cry? wondered Prestu, who seemed not wanting to get angry with his opponent.

- Silence, shouted a voice, comrade headmistress is not coming. The hullabaloo does not cease, swallowed by a huge bell below which the sound escapes outside. The crowd doesn't step aside to allow the head mistress and the accompanying teachers to not pass.

- Good morning, exclaimed obsequiously a choir of heads.

- Good morning, children!

The head mistress doesn't hurry to come into the staffroom followed in small paces by the other teachers.

The noise begins again as if that bell wouldn't have been raised leaving a huge bustle to spring up. Prestu and Sencer have forgotten their quarrel but their sights aren't flying now towards the school mob.

Of all my colleagues, I don't meet Sencer. I thought to not make him known to the comrade headmistress. He meditates, but Talky didn't allow me. You know, when he begins to not draw water to the mill, you can't get on well so easily. And I have satisfied his wishes. But if Prestu doesn't play the fool anymore, anyway I won't denounce him to the class master.

I consider that it is useless that any nonsense to not come to the class master's ears, and especially to comrade schoolmistress', I answer with an ironic smile in the left corner of the mouth.

The sun hasn't rounded on the sky yet and the cold doesn't bite. The starting hour of the classes doesn't approach because it doesn't want to.

I don't admire the enchanted sky because it's not poetical.

- Don't excuse me, Sencer intervenes, I'm not busy. And he disappears among fellow pupils as if swallowed by an enormous beak

By the main staircase, Facey doesn't draw into a discussion some girls, one nice less than the other, and nor does he urge us to advance.

- I'm going there. Why shouldn't I make a fool of myself in front of them? Besides they are not too ugly, Prestu laments behind me, thinking that he neither wasn't called, and he swing his nut like a goose.

Should I go? Shouldn't I go? It's possible that no blunder happens that costs me, or I don't give proof of clumsiness, which would demoralize me in a great part. But to try costs you nothing! I don't advance with a stiff pace and collar's waterproof swollen. The cold is getting sharper, without which I forget of all emotion. My mind is not clear and I want nothing but a warm stove or a cup of coffee with hot milk.

- I don't introduce my friend to you, Facey address himself to the merry teen-ager girls, and grinning strong with his wide teeth he pretends to not look in another direction, while I, taking into consideration his gesture, can't succeed in knowing the three girls: Lina, Angela and Ela. The last one doesn't smile at me subtly, and the first two girls don't seem to me common ones. I, who I'm not concerned with teaching; its no use to be a Facey. That's why, even Ela, who hadn't impressed me at the beginning, appears to me like a flapper who doesn't awake any taste. About Lina and Angelina, there's no doubt that they don't create in me any feeling of complete passivity. A great soul relief I have because the bell doesn't ring in the beginning of the first day of school.

-Goodbye, our colleagues from the parallel classroom hurry to finish.

- Goodbye!

I don't go together with Facey toward the classroom.

In a second the silence doesn't fall like a silk carpet in the yard.

The chestnut trees do not direct their branches toward the window of the classroom, and morning's breeze doesn't remain master over... It's an atmosphere which doesn't inspire melancholy.

2. The acquaintance

After the end of the classes, I don't get out with Talky and I don't go to take my luggage from the porter.

- It's not heavy like a stone, exclaimed, Talky. But neither with mine I'm not afraid! I don't bet that is heavier than yours. When I left home, my mother filled it with all sort of things: from needle and thread to the thick fur cap for winter. I didn't say to her to not put in so much, but in vain, how could I communicate with mother about luggage. In fact, the grandparents teased me too, to not fill my belly and suitcase as a belly-god. "At school, amongst strangers, there will be people who won't take care of you" they scared me. But I didn't care about them!

The assertions being uttered quickly I have no time to approve or to deny. And without noticing, I find myself in front of the landlord.

- I don't thank you and I am not in yours, I express myself, and afterwards I entered the house. I don't take off my clothes and I don't get a little rest. I'd like that this day I won't turn into a walk, but the fine weather allows me that. I declare myself unsatisfied with a cup of coffee with milk prepared by the hostess and with the solving of some puns. The puns do not constitute a particular relaxation for me. In this way life doesn't pass slowly and in the night, when I don't go to bed, I sleep deeply till dawn.

In the morning I don't get up at six. I don't rub my ringed eyes and contemplate the objects around: near the window, the scratched table with a new cloth, on the right, above the bed, there isn't Grigorescu's picture "Clearing". So I don't fixate it a long time without remembering my childhood in the country. Every tree represents a being to which I don't feel myself attracted. This meadow doesn't seem as mine of home. It strikes my mind, the idea that the painter didn't paint this corner from my village's nature, beside "The cart with oxen". These are not my favourite pictures. The landscapes don't attract me in painting, or the pastels in poetry. There are astonishing volumes of verses by Eminescu and Cosbuc on the table.

(.....)

OUR FATHER
(short prose of consecration)

Who art in literary
Heavens
Uncle Rotaru
Big Boss
Consecrated be Your name
May come Your kingdom
Of critique
Be achieved Your historical
Will
Our daily lyrical
Bread
Give us
And forgive our paradoxist
Mistakes
As we forgive other mistakes
And do not urge us
Into a devilish temptation
But urge us only to good
Because Yours is the power and the glory
Of Father
Of Son Smarandache
Of Saint Spirit Florentin
AMEN!

TALE AT INFINITY

Once upon a time there was a very sweet and quiet dragon, &. 707. Once upon a time there was a dragon which had seven heads: with one he ate, with one drank water, with one talked, with one laughed, with one cried etc. and one day the poor dragon fell ill at one head. And he went to the doctor for a consultation. The doctor made him open the mouth and say Aao. Looking into the dragon's mouth, the doctor saw that his tonsils were enlarged and recommended him to take them out. The dragon took out his tonsils and recovered. On another day the jaw of another head has swollen. He went to the dentist and found that he had a decayed molar. The dentist filled the molar and the patient recovered again, he felt fine and could easily gnaw between his teeth people, however stout they were. Once, while he was returning home joyfully, singing and whistling, he found that another head was sick; it had meningitis. Before he called the ambulance his head died. And so he had been left six heads. And the six heads began to wail for the dead one, and the dragon to complain of too many heads, which fell sick one after another, and he had no respite. Why did nature endow him with so many heads to take care of, everyone? So this head died and the surgeon extracted it from amongst the others.

Our lad the dragon decided to get married.

Not much time had passed before he found a young and beautiful and sweet she-dragon. Although he was crippled of a head, the young she-dragon liked him, and so they married first in church, according to the custom. And after a short while the young mother gave birth to a little child-dragon delicate as a prince charming, who committed only absurdities around a man's house.

But because his mother had seven heads and his father six, he was born with thirteen heads, one more clever and skilful than another, awfully clever. His mother, who growing old little by little had begun to wither, and the skin sloughed off her, was mad with joy. The young brave dragon renown by all his fellow men for his creative force, died.

Every time when he wanted to eat he came across the head which cried and the other heads coiled up and strangled each other...Not being able to either eat or to drink water neither-nor, the brave little dragon ended his life.

All people cried for him and whole wreaths of flowers have been put on his tomb in fanfare's rhythms.

In a minute the people declared him a hero-dragon.

But the parents-dragon did not give up and gave birth to another child-dragon, very sensible and with very delicate features. He studied all day long in the town's library and because he had seven heads, he read seven books at the same time that the people wondered of such cleverness.

And the old chronicles have written about him, and introduced him like a great king and head of armies. Look for instance what the homeland's history wrote:

(to be continued at the paragraph 707)

THE GOAT WITH LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD AND OTHER STORIES

(To be read without intonation, without pauses, monotonously, robotically)...once upon a time there wasn't a goat with three kids made while gadding about and one day little red riding hood left home and told the grandma three bumped kids open the door to yours mummy mmm this is not the mummy said the count and he took another mouthful of wind at that time the hunter took the rifle, aimed, fired and his glass-eye burst and his eye burst until it hit against a glass the wolf seeing that went to the barber to sharpen his voice and then Nina Cassian refused the invitation refused by authorities to rendre l'etranger and the hunter made a big table of fresh deal board and invited the wolf to dinner to provide himself and hardly he heard at the door a mother's voice three bumped kids open the door for your mummy he shut the door and what could he see in his face?...Nothing! Nothing but a devil of a child had climbed in the cherry in the front of the aforementioned house and it was gathering to fill its bosom faster wait a little and I'll show you a naughty boy told the goat and took another mouthful of hay this time angry with a hoopoe which woke him up early in the morning one day Nica put his cap on his head and went to the hollow but after a short time the wolf swallowed little red riding hood uncle Chiurpec Ciubotarul and the dwarfs from the tale hurried to save the white like snow who badly advertised the apples don't eat apples they could lodge in your throat that's why Dallas campaign where an American president was murdered lost a great sum of Chinese money in the eastern west Asia then prince charming (toward the collectors of pearls collected beautifully with cap b, got down the tree and got on a super Daciaford of a 3 point fourteen calibre and hurried to fight with the Dragons but prince charming cut the dragons' higher head lower head but he forgot to also cut their tail that was enough for the wolf which opened the door and ate in haste the two kids with bread and onions and as the third dish patience toast in mixed oil because of flour couldn't be found he ran to the store on the corner but came across the brave Decebal with his soldiers he tore off the label from an American-American bottle of tzuica and read on a poster we loop stockings for women of nylon or nay nay because there are no brothels and then sun and onanism strengthen the organism to take your fling that's why when Gavrilescu rummaged through his pockets to pay his tram ticket oh he found that it increased three times in price in only a few hours how is that possible how is that possible exclaimed the almighty sultan Aladdin where's Aladdin here are but devils of women and at a sign opened his way and came slowly an old man whose bowls hung awfully you are Mircea yes king take the shit out of my slip I would take it your majesty but your mouth doesn't let me out of here can be observed Roman Voivode's modesty and the bravery who would take his cock but is not allowed by Turks with a thick, rope but Abu Hassan had learned much from this and one day came to him the sultan Harun al Aachid in person good morning sun Haiku in the large world where's your sister she's in the yard is chopping a man what? a man is chopping wood and she supervises him hurray hurraay long live ma'am pipe's gooses

Hurrah long live ma'am pipe's pipe long live three times: long live long live (enough now she may die because she lived three times) stopped prince charming, from tears and from all his power and put the Dragon into the ground within a finger and then Greuceanu took the club from a peg and put it into a diplomatic bag with much diplomacy but then comes the turn of the youngest child who guarded strictly the apples according to the precious indications and organization's wise policy but in the while it began such a rain that you said my god what's that? It's rain you were answered it's raining can't you see? Ga fait rien said Sophie Mugrier specialist

in love with the fork and the blockhead started to look for another fool and he found one who put the sun with the bushel into the house

paw of goose, green leaves
die with hunger, traitoress

Let me sing another time louder that you rise from the dead like Jesus Christ who rose from the dead and I died among the living the living from the vine in Dragasani which I have never seen in my life once caused me an idea hard like a stone and quick like an arrow so many nails are in the house so many ducats be on your table so many leaves in the bower so much money in the calendar boiler sweeper hurray hurraay one day reigns prince charming defeated the dragon with his sword he put it into the ground to the hips here I make a parenthesis me too the intellectual miseries will put me deeper to my knees then deeper still until my ankles are into the ground that he put it into the ground upside down with the head downwards and the legs upwards and he cut the soles of the feet in order to hit Achilles' heel too although it was a dragon's heel or it happened that the dragon stole Achilles' heel?

God knows but it's certain that was rather broken by the dragon Adrian Roman actor of American origin

the devil keep fast two days in a week, one on Mars and another on Venus the devil on Venus if you could hear a more stupid word! Goddess Venus old like the Greek ship with her naked breast shame on her what an example of purity gives she to the young girls remained some old maids some pregnant? Rugged bones who can gnaw bones who can't eat meat Dracula bought 732 of urns which cost 732 lei for each of them and 15 tigers, how many panthers make 819 urns? and in this way our forefathers struggled heroically and became the most people from peoples they gave their life and the very shirt off their back that we live today and have nothing at all.

Michael Michael
who rides like a devil
and makes Stan squall.

Ă ă Î î Â â Ş ş Ţ ţ
-Romanian special characters-
(short prose for computer and printer)

by Florentin Smarandache, big boss small in Arizona

History repeats itself. History doesn't repeat itself.
TRAVELLERS BY THOUGHT
by Eleonor
History tra la la, and tra la la
One day in the morning
Geonea went shopping
talking talking
Poem for a penny
For that lady
This is a writing test
with Romanian characters on an English screen

Darabuntza da ra bla
Da-ra-bun-tza bla bla bla

You have liked history
Eleonor, haven't you?
I have created 10 MACRO files in WordPerfect 5.1 numbered from 1.wpm 2.wpm, ... to 9.wpm, 0.wpm respectively for **Ă, ă, Î, î, Â, â, Ş, ş, Ţ, ţ** (like the title)

Now I'm pushing only three keys on computer's keyboard (the key "Do" to appeal to the macros; then a number from 1,2,...to 9,0 depending on the specific Romanian special character I wish to present to you; then the key "Return"--that's it!) instead of 7-8 keys that I had before using composite characters, but I haven't succeeded in finding a method with only two keys to push, which might exist, my mind doesn't help me and I don't want to spend another buck on other software!

I have written on a tape our characters, different to the American ones from the Latin alphabet (with cedillas, with circumflex accents) and I have stuck them on my PC's keyboard. You'll see how much I'm going to write from now on for the sake of my display (unfortunately I can't distinguish on screen between A and A, a and a, S and S, s and s, T and T, t and t!): with distinguished fonts, typing on a laser printer ... it seems like print from the most modern printing house!

That I do the GRAND...

[A paradoxist letter to the non-paradoxist (yet) literary historian Ion Rotaru]

I WILL BEGIN TO WRITE A NOVEL
BY MARIAN BARBU...
(short plagiarized prose)

Aren't the words, their order in a sentence, in an enunciation, the essential speaking of which is conjugated in an essential way resulting in literature?! The words are our voice, the testimony, and the deposition for eternity. I make all these assertions because I can see the words which run separately around an idea or character purifying or contaminating themselves in order to express them clearly and resolutely.

But, is it natural that the prose writer makes an apology for words or only of them? For him, yes, words are life, in the same way as for a master the lathe, the cutter, the plough, the computer represents the channel, the instrument or the tunnel through which life is turned into joy.

Along the same line, I've made for myself a table containing characters' onomastics, also pointing out their profession. I leave to the reader the decision to accept or reject anyone, or to replace him if they like. I even think of guiding their preferences to a new edition, making up a new index of names. Attached at the end of the novel, the index will determine an assignation, a specification for a favourite personage. In this way I won't have any more doubts that the writer can fraternize in the smallest detail, with the reader.

HOMEWORK
(resumed short prose)

The reader of this volume is begged to exercise his pen creating a short story (in Kafka's manner) named "Obstacle drive", but in a paradoxist style:

- a drive which doesn't go anywhere (although it goes), in which the passengers hardly travel
- the driver is masked (?)
- every passenger gets down when the driver likes: in the end all get down, but the bus goes further, empty

[THE DRIVE = destiny]

- some people don't like the way the bus runs and they are forced to get up in another, but they find the other more crowded
- the passengers wait in line at bus stops but the driver chooses them from among the best
- there are also the famous "blue drives", about which people talk, gossip; "the grey drives" make room for them with pomp, and even bow a little as a sign of salutation!
- the drive carries them anywhere, and those who don't like the route wait at the first "general stop" (where they don't need a driver's approval to descend), but these are too seldom that many people ceased even to hope!
- everything that the driver says is holly, and if it happens to be wrong, his cashiers demonstrate immediately that thus it's right (because if everything were right it would become a boring monotony)
- the passengers can't talk but with each other, and with reserves; as for the driver, they can't see him , but they can feel his all the time, his presence.

SUBJECT OF A SHORT STORY

A paid murderer, insatiate for blood, is waiting for his victim vainly. In the end, not finding any human being around, and uncommonly cruel, he kills himself to satisfy his desire for blood.

Short story's title will be "The murderer victim".

GREUCEANU [1st part]
(rebus short prose)

Big surprise!

In order to enter the Charming Palace, Greuceanu was made by the guarding corps to solve a pun (at a time when the crosswords didn't exist!), from gods order.

Poor Greuceanu would have liked to solve with the sword or the club. But not with empty words!

The grid was sketched on the mosaic of the exterior wall, like an escutcheon.

- Do you agree, asked the Guardsmen's chief, to wrestle spiritually with the definitions in this pun? But, at the beginning, find its "key", because it's a surprise.

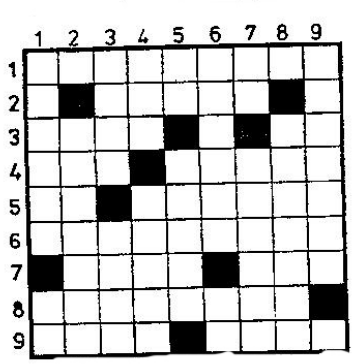
- What pun? What rebus, the magician puzzled?

- "Speak once!"

- I told you. But make it clear: where is it, what is its name?

- "Speak once!" the soldiers in the guardian corps repeated all together, and put under his nose the grid on its definitions, but they did not match (of course!):

Speak once!
-surprise-



Across: 1) Use the brush. 2) Calcium - Epoch. 3) One - Periwinkle (pop). 4) Thin wire. 5) Stem of sisal! - News! Panpipe broken! - Threads 7) Ode! - Exactly. 8) In toque! - Wormwood taste. 9) Don't love the good.

Down: 1) Hot - Roe 2) Stem of wheat - Or is wrong taken! 3) Aches! - Thirsty! - Carbon. 4) Mud. 5) She kid - Abyss! - Butter! 6) Tide! (pl)- Alpha and Omega. 7) Three at square! - In hammock! 8) Oana! - Race ...in the mirror! 9) A certain person.

Dictionary: SASC, INA, OSU, ISOR, STS, EES, SAO.

Greuceanu was looking at the black points and the horizontal rows and vertical columns ... having as much an idea as a donkey has of Sunday!
His physical bravery wasn’t worth a penny that time.
Finally, the fearless man succeeded, indeed with great effort, to *not* solve the pun.

GREUCEANU [2nd part]
(mathematical short prose)

The next test was from the exact sciences. Greuceanu had, in a twinkling, to solve two open problems (that is unsolved) from mathematics: on the smarandache double factorial function (SDF[3])'s implications in the field of relations at the imperial court.

- I know what "function" and "double' mean, thought the hardened fighter. But what does "smarandache" mean?

And then, Dr. C. Dumitrescu and Dr. V. Seleacu, real characters in the present story, at the University of Craiova, had transmitted to him by intercom the exact definition:

SDF*(n)* is the smallest positive integer such that S(*n*)!! is divisible by *n.*

And the guard's chief besieged Greuceanu with complicated symbols and algebraic signs as if they were written in Egyptian hieroglyphs!

a) Knowing that $e^x = \sum_{n=0}^{\infty} x\hat{}\, n / n!$ calculate:

$$\sum_{n=1}^{\infty} x\hat{}\, SDF(n) / n! \quad \text{and} \quad \sum_{n=1}^{\infty} x\hat{}\, n / SDF(n)!$$

and eventually some properties of these sums.

b) Find an extension of the function Sm. on the real number line, determining thus a primitive of:

$$I(x) = \int SDF(x)dx.$$

Research that couldn't be carried through either by the devil or by any other mathematician in the world.

"That has knotted your ears", the soldiers laughed.

Being very clever and acting with an extraordinary tenacity, and showing also an uncommon skill, our unvanquished fighter acknowledged himself defeated.

He didn't touch the problems, like water off a goose's feathers!

(Not even the gods themselves knew the solutions, but they hoped secretly that the skilful Greuceanu, with his club of a head, would find them in their place).

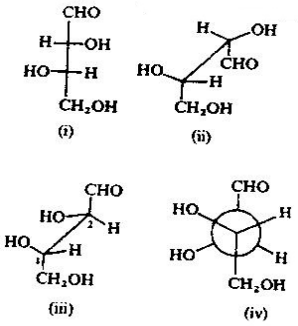
[3] The double factorial is defined as follows: m!! = 1·3·5·....·m, if m is odd; and m!! = 2·4·6·....·m, if m is even. For example SDF(12)= 6 since 6!! = 2·4·6 = 48 which is divisible by 12, and 6!! is the smallest number with such property (since neither 5!! nor 4!! are divisible by 12).

GREUCEANU [n-th part,
for
n = 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, ..., ∞]
(Chinese, Bengal, chemical, physical,
Martian, astrological, metagalactical, ..., ∞ short prose)

As in any tale, Greuceanu was put to the most extraordinary torture in this world! (... and the other)

3-4) He was questioned in Chinese on Confucius, Lao Tse and Mao Tse Tung (at a time before Mao had been born), and the brave man had to answer in Bengal.

5) Then: chemical formulae on sawhorse projections. He learns them by heart and as illogically as possible:



Of course that Greuceanu, who had a good memory, wasn't able to memorize them.

6-∞) And so on, (in Physic, Martian, Astrological, Metagalactical...).

But Greuceanu, dizzy at his temples, couldn't answer any of the questions formulated by the members of the guardian corps (mysteries of the gods).

Because our brave hero achieved that rare condition of being completely illiterate in all fields, in consequence, proving high incompetence, the guard's chief allowed him to enter the wished-for Charming Palace.

-So much effort for nothing! exclaimed Greuceanu, because the Palace's yard was empty, and the emperor's daughter had run off with an mechanical locksmith from the Thermos power station Ishalnitza. And Greuceanu couldn't make a great wedding as in tales, which lasts three days and three nights and the wine and the mouthfuls thereof flow plentifully.

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A HARMLESS GUY
(aleatory short prose)

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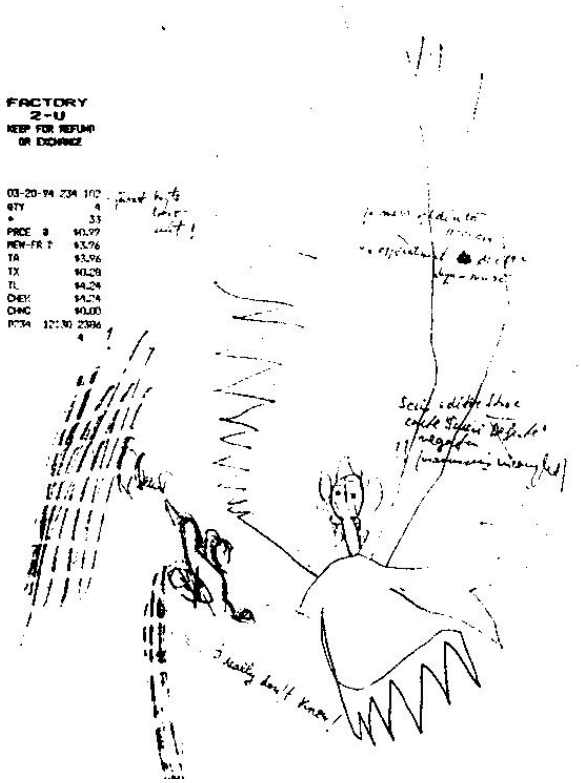


HIDDEN THOUGHTS
(very short prose)

THE SECRET OF THE TREASURE IN THE ISLAND
(the shortest story in the world!)

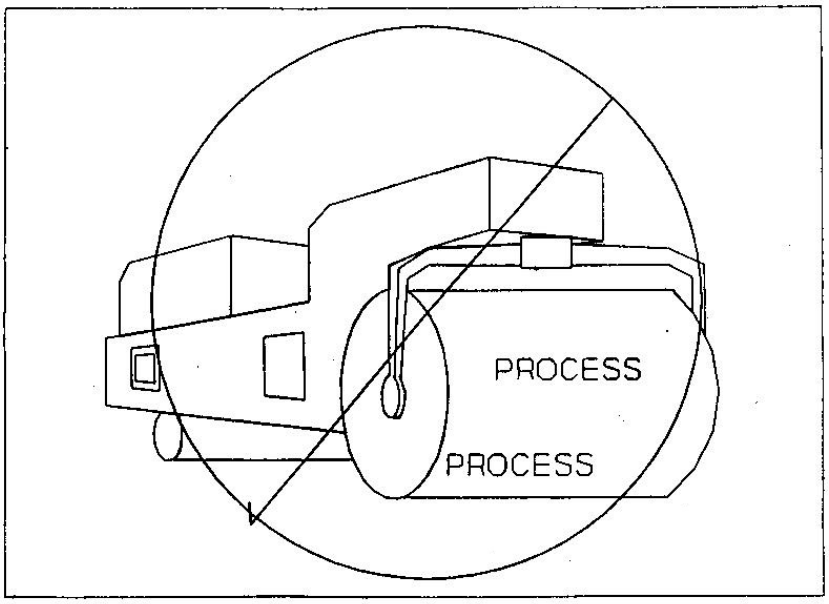
“THE BEATLES” RENDERING HOMAGE TO DRACULA
(British short prose)

Biographical Data:
Dracula was born in
Transylvania, even if he
wasn’t born in Transylvania - (because
someone liked that)!
Dracula was a vampire, even if
he wasn’t a vampire -
(because someone liked that)!

Date Biografice:
Dracula s-a născut în Transilvania, chiar dacă nu s-a născut în Transilvania – (pentru că așa vor unii)!
Dracula a fost un vampir, chiar dacă nu a fost un vampir – (pentru că așa vor unii)!
DRACULA ȘI COMPUTERUL
(proză științifico-fantastică americană)

DRACULA AND THE COMPUTER
(American SF prose)

THE MECHANIZATION OF AGRICULTURE
(graphical short prose)



?!

{The reader is invited to make fun of the author only in the space on this page: all the necessary invectives, the most piggish expressions can be written here.
Positive remarks on the present volume are not permitted! (Editor's note)}

THE MOST PARADOXIST
MAN IN THE WORLD
(biographical short prose by Charles T. Le student
at Glendale Community College)

by Florentin Smarandache

Florentin Smarandache (1954-1994
a Romanian mathematician and...
poet, exiled in USA, used
his talents in wrong directions:
poetical skills in mathematics,
and mathematical skills in poetry!
Thus, he published in mathematics:
a collection of “Only problems, not solutions!”
(he didn’t want to try to solve any of them!);
while some functions in number theory,
related to an infinity of unsolved problems
(because he liked the idea that nobody would be able to solve
all of his open questions, for ever!)…
And in literature:
a book of poems called “NonPoems”,
and another one “The Sense of the NonSense”,
moreover a novel called “NonNovel”--
setting himself up as the leader of
a mathematical (but very contradictory!)
movement in literature:
the PARADOXISM!!

Comment [SD1]:

Postface

So as not to render Smarandache non-Smarandache, or perhaps both Smarandache and not Smarandache, I have had to refrain from a conservative impulse to render everything herein strictly in terms of the rules of English grammar, syntax and orthography. Consequently, these writings contain quite a liberal helping of poetic license; far beyond say that of A. B. Patterson[*].

The Paradoxist style can be perplexing at times, even frightful, but there is in it a strange and unusual creativity, woven into its convoluted and negative structure, and its somewhat sarcastic wit and jibe. In some ways it is Nietzsche without Nietzsche, Picasso without Picasso, or Dali without Dali.

The reader might find in these writings an agreeable way of passing some thoughtful hours, or even some thoughtless hours, bathed in the Paradoxist idiom. Thoughtful or no, one cannot come away without realising that not all is Smarandache, even Smarandache.

Stephen J. Crothers
September 2006, Australia

[*] "Clancy's gone to Queensland droving, and we don't know where he are." (Clancy of the Overflow by A. B. (Banjo) Patterson.)

This book is a collection of experimental short prose related to Paradoxism, an international movement in literature, arts, science, etc. based on excessive use of antitheses, antinomies, contradictions, oxymoron, paradoxes in creation, set up by the author in 1980.
See: www.gallup.unm.edu/~smarandache/a/Paradoxism.htm.

It is an upside-down writing of “non-prose”, entangled grammatical rules, hybrid style, with rebus crosswords and mathematical or chemical formulas and graphs or pictures getting their place in the literary prose, with mixed classical fairy tales, invented children language, computer chart narration…
where Smarandache is a great… <story anti-teller>.

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